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JUNE 3, 1969

...e real missile problem:
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NATIONAL REVIEW

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COURSE TITLE	PERIOD 1	DEPORT-MENT	EFFORT	COOPERA-TION WITH OTHERS.	ATTITUDE	PERIOD 2	DEPORT-MENT
ADVANCED VIETNAM	C+	A	B	B	A		
...URVEY OF FOREIGN POLICY	A						
...NTS	B						
...AFFAIRS 1	INC*						
...ONAL RELATIONS 1	C						

...planation of Grades

superior
very good
average
passing
failing

* Incomplete

Each grade represents National Review's evaluation of the student's work from the beginning of the report.

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by Harold O.J. Brown

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☐ *Isn't the Brave New World of the Liberals a world of computers and beer cans, pollution and glass towers—and spiritual emptiness?*

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☐ *Are* **we** *losing touch—or is it the world that is heading off toward nowhere, ever more convinced of the "truth that there is no truth?"*

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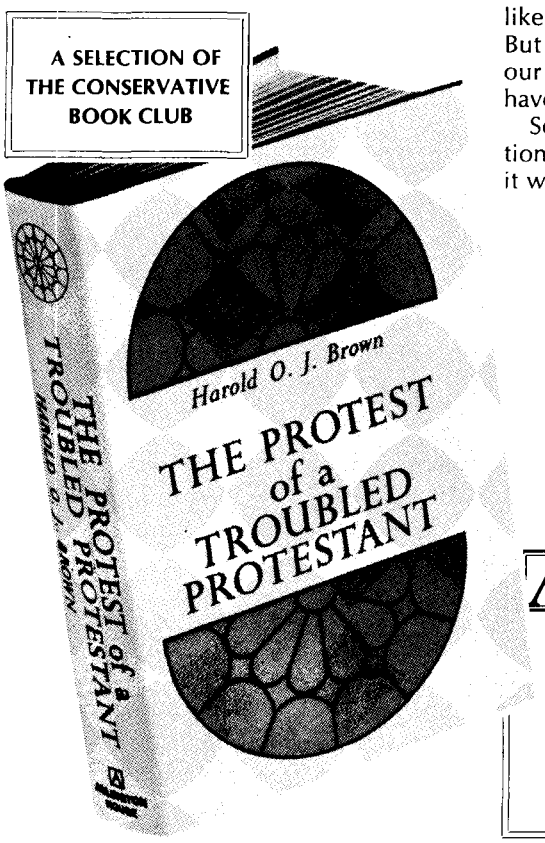

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- What Christians have to tell the oppressed and downtrodden, and what to hurl in the teeth of the oppressor.
- Why legislated morality does not work. Repeat: does *not* work. Legislative excesses.

Articles by Dr. Brown have appeared in *Christianity Today*, *National Review*, *The Freeman*, *Eternity*, *Christian Herald* and several foreign publications, including *The Times* of London—on sports. He is an ordained minister in the Congregational Church, and presently serves as the theological secretary of the International Fellowship of Evangelical Students in Lausanne, Switzerland.

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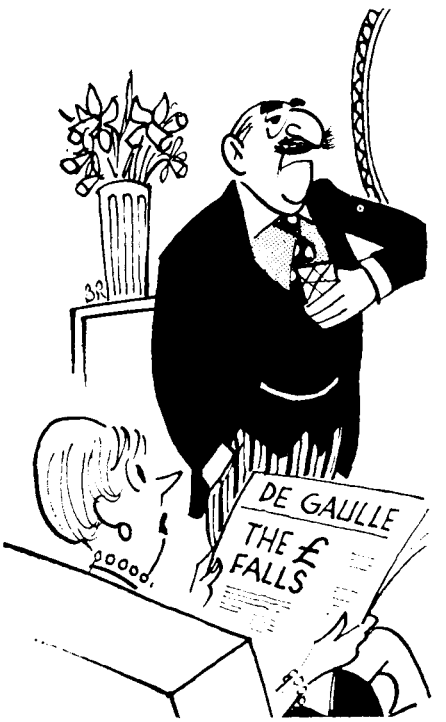
FOR THE RECORD

■ Unceremonious: The *Chicago Tribune*'s headline for its editorial on **Fortas**: "ONE DOWN, HOW MANY MORE TO GO?" . . . According to Civil Service Commission, Abe Fortas will not receive a government pension because he resigned rather than retired, and he doesn't meet other service and age requirements. . . . Of the Supreme Court Justices, only three have regular lecture agents: Fortas, **Douglas** and **Brennan**. . . . **Harry Ashmore**, of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Berkeley (which also receives money from the **Albert Parvin** Foundation), sees no similarity between Douglas taking $12,000 a year from Parvin and the Fortas case because, among other things, "there has never been any secret about it, and you have to remember he has alimony to pay."

■ Dirksenian rhetoric in full flower a week ago at closed door meeting of Senate Republican Policy Committee, after **Everett Dirksen** read that Sen. **Charles Goodell** had "gone all the way to Canada to call [me] an obstructionist." Estimates vary: some say Dirksen held forth on Goodell for fifty minutes, others say only thirty. Only **Jacob Javits**, Goodell's New York colleague, said a word in his defense. . . . Javits now sponsoring legislation to make health insurance compulsory for all Americans, who will still be free, he says, to choose from among competing plans. . . . The Javits-Goodell operation to dragoon Republican senators to back **John Lindsay** (they claimed 24 endorsements) against **John Marchi** in the Republican primary, backfired when several senators later withdrew their endorsements; one said he hadn't been asked. . . . **White House** keeping hands off the New York race according to a spokesman who said: "The President thinks his Administration should stay out of partisan primaries and that will be the case here." There's been pressure on RMN to make some pro-JVL gesture before June 17.

■ **George Washington University** in Washington D.C. has expelled seven of fifteen students who seized a building in April, suspended two others, reprimanded another. . . . At GW last week, **Allard Lowenstein** (a Clean Gene man before New Hampshire) attacked student use of violence and pointed out that what started with the free speech movement in Berkeley has "now reversed itself with the students violently suppressing free speech." . . . The **Associated Harvard Alumni Board** has voted 55 to 1 in favor of expelling any Harvard student who forcibly obstructs the rights of others.



Jon, *Daily Mail* — Ben Roth Agency

"The irony is that if our great leader quit the pound would rise."

■ A spokesman for **George Meany** has warned the SDS that its planned summer "work-in"—get jobs in industry in order to preach revolution—may not work out as planned. "The workers aren't going to be pushed around like those SDS leaders push around th majority of other students," he saic "and I expect employers won't be a chicken as some college presidents." . . The **House Internal Security Commite** (ex-HUAC) will begin its investigatio of SDS in the next couple of weeks Investigators will try to track dow links between SDS and Cuba, Hanc and Red China. . . . **Mark Rudd**, th SDSer who started the rumbles at Co lumbia a year ago, has been picked u on the U.S.-Canadian border an charged with possession of marijuana . . . Other young notables in the news **Christian Hayden**, son of **Sterling Hay den** the leftist actor, has refused classi fication as a conscientious objector an is now refusing induction. He sent hi torn draft card to **Richard Nixon** be cause it is "a tool of the tyrant, slav master and overlord." . . . **Eugene Mc Carthy**'s eighteen-year-old son Michae has applied for status as a CO.

■ **Timothy Leary**, whose drug convic tion was reversed by Supreme Court a week ago, says he plans to run fo governor of California. His slogan what else? "Turn On." . . . Former Sen **Wayne Morse**, restive in his forced re tirement, will announce within thirty days whether he will run for Congress (Oregon's 4th District), or for governor against Republican **Tom McCall**. . . . Ohio Democrats hoping Sen. **Stephe Young** will retire after this term and leave field to former astronaut **John Glenn**. Glenn would like to run, bu doesn't want to get into primary battle with Young (whose language, despite his age, is New Leftish in tone).

■ Also involuntarily retired in France comedian **Henri Tisot** who has made his living for past ten years on French night club stages imitating the General. Said Tisot: "For ten years I have been carried along because I have had him inside me. I take his defeat as my own, though I know it is ridiculous."

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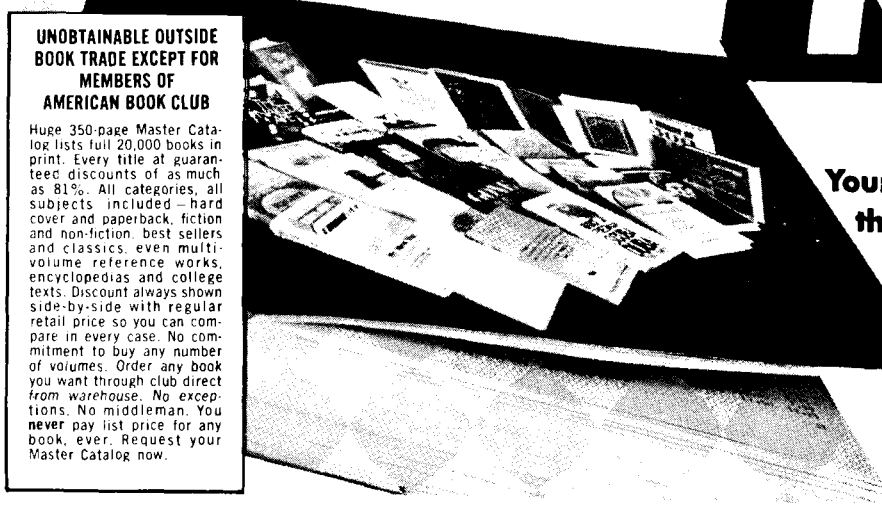

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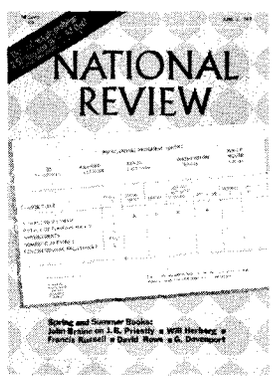
IN THIS ISSUE

■ President Nixon gets his first report card in a long while, from **James Jackson Kilpatrick**. Judging from his performance in the first hundred days, Nixon, R. doesn't *quite* make the honor roll, but he shows promise—and oh, that deportment! Kilpatrick, J. J., newspaperman, syndicated columnist and sometime Editor of the *Richmond News-Leader*, has been keeping a close eye on Presidents since before Nixon was a Freshman (Congressman). . . . Mr. Nixon can be glad he isn't president of something really unmanageable—like the City College of New York, whence **Geoffrey Wagner**, the art historian with the jaundiced eye, reports. Bonus for Wagner fans in the book section. . . . **Karl E. Dietrich** (p. 537) writes poems in what must be the handsomest Old English calligraphy this side of Vatican II.



■ It's our Spring Book Issue, which means a larger book section than usual, but at no sacrifice in quality, see for yourself. **John Braine** is something of a rarity: a novelist who likes other novelists' novels. Most recently, J. B. Priestley's umpteenth (and, Mr. Braine hopes, not last). . . . **Will Herberg** likes, but has his quarrels with, *The Vanishing Right to Live*, by Charles E. Rice. . . . Professor Wagner again, with two Relevant books—one (nonfiction) about urban guerrillas, the other (fiction) about student revolt. . . . Even Homer nods; so do Kingsley Amis, Bernard Malamud and John Cheever in their new novels, reports **Guy Davenport**. . . . A scholarly offering on Chinese politics is good as far as it goes, says **David N. Rowe**, himself a scholar (political science, Yale) specializing in things Asian. . . . A copy (the last) of the flashy-all-new *Saturday Evening Post* set **Francis Russell** to reminiscing about the old *Post*, and Camp Medomak, and . . . **Alec Waugh** had to break up his personal library, a bittersweet experience; see Delectations.

■ A full house of columnists: **James Burnham** meditates on what will happen when both superpowers have first-strike capability. . . . The deluge having failed to arrive, **E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn** considers France *sans* de Gaulle. . . . **Frank S. Meyer,** whose new book *The Conservative Mainstream* got a rave notice from the *New York Times Book Review*, considers the most pathetic victims of student nihilism: the benign liberals who unknowingly paved the way. . . . **Russell Kirk** notices the drive to secularize American education and make it uniformly awful; support your local private school. . . . And **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** reports on not-so-rotten ROTC, new wrinkles in racism, more.

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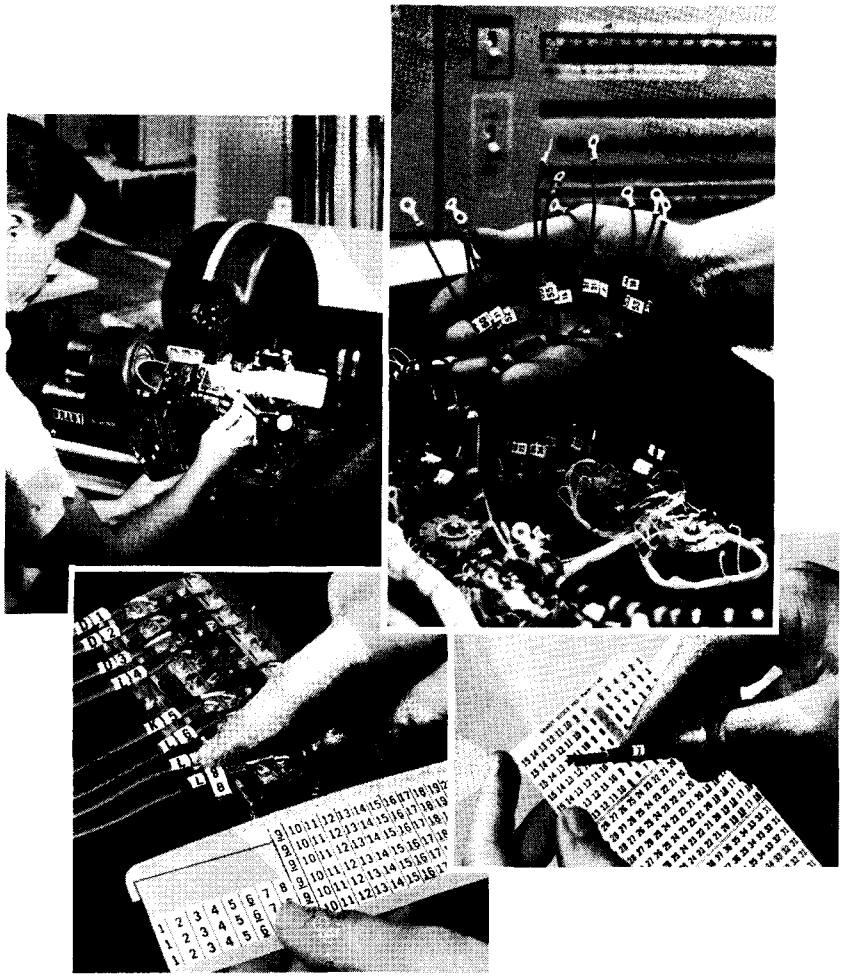

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LETTERS

In Defense of Drugs

My regards to Suzanne Labin, please. In her article "The Kid Killers" [*NR*, May 6] she did an excellent job of magnifying the tragedy of the drug situation. Not the tragedy of widespread drug use but rather that of the mass prosecutions, which are growing in number every day, of those drug users who get caught.

Some may say "good that they get caught," but when one considers that tens of thousands of young people have been arrested for possession or sale of drugs (marijuana, mainly), and that this rate grows daily, one's conclusion must be that our society is really going to be lost in a few years when everyone is either in jail or has a criminal record.

The Establishment must educate itself, and not in a way that leads everyone to conclude that marijuana is the worst vice and that anyone who sells it deserves to *die* (as said our local police chief in a speech to my Psychology class). The drugs aren't going to go away and the kids aren't going to stop taking them. So, should we lock everybody up or should we rather legalize the drugs (marijuana, mainly) and then leave it to the educated discretion of the individual whether he wishes to run the risks which have been "responsibly" laid out in school books, newspapers and magazines?

Please excuse me if I don't support my local police, just this one time.

Yonkers, N.Y. MARK C. COLEMAN

I read the article by Mme. Suzanne Labin and found it very interesting. She has related her personal experience with drug-users; I wish to tell of my own with drugs.

I have tried pot, hashish, speed, acid, and mescalin; all my experiences have been very good, and in the case of the last two, extraordinarily beautiful and rewarding. I am not a hippie and did not try these drugs to be "in" but simply because I wanted to find out what the fuss was in connection with them.

I now use only pot and acid, and these only occasionally with friends who feel as I do about them. Pot is pleasant and euphoric, and acid can provide a tremendous experience. I cannot see misusing acid by dropping it and then going to a discothéque and getting one's eyes and ears assaulted by sight and sound, as Mme. Labin relates. (People who have not experienced an acid trip are led to believe that these light shows are what one sees while tripping, and this is not so. You cannot know what acid is like until

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you take it, and no synthetic light show can create the experience.)

I am not looking for a religious experience or kicks when I drop acid (which I prefer to pot), but rather for the beauty in people and things that acid magnifies. (Aldous Huxley gives an accurate description of this in his essays "The Doors of Perception" and "Heaven and Hell.") Conversely, if you expect to see horrible things, chances are you probably will; the attitude you have determines the kind of trip you will have.

I have no great interest in drugs other than that the facts about them and their effects be presented honestly, without any exaggeration or propaganda, something I doubt will happen for a long time. Feelings are too high on both sides right now for things to cool off. But I think that if people look at both sides, listen to what people who have used drugs have to say, and perhaps try them themselves, we might have a more rational, objective basis on which to decide what should be done with them—to legalize or not.

Chicago, Ill. NAME WITHHELD

Re Thomas Bush's letter concerning marijuana [*NR*, May 6]: beautiful! As far as the polarization of "conservative libertarians" that Mr. Bush predicts, I can only hope that he is correct; however, I'm a little more pessimistic than he is. Where are all these "conservative libertarians" going to come from? How many are there in the Congress or in other positions of influence? Unfortunately, our leaders and opinion-makers are either of the left-liberal ideologue type or are conservatives who may opt for freedom of choice in the economic sphere but are intent upon regulating "morality" to conform to their own standards. Conservative libertarians who opt for freedom of choice in all spheres are nowhere to be found.

Pasadena, Cal. HAL J. STRUMPF

Further on Vietnam

While asking for the President to "clearly explain why our forces are in Vietnam," NATIONAL REVIEW, alas, omits from its own list of reasons that which is probably the most critical, most easily understood, but least mentioned consideration of all: That Communism, for all its schisms and national disagreements, can still be divided into two major camps.

One, which can be called "revisionist" Communism (USSR, Eastern Europe) holds to the belief that the best means to achieve world domination is through "peaceful coexistence," political manipulation, front groups and the like. It shows a healthy respect for the dangers of armed confrontation, and it discourages guerrilla warfare for, as the revisionists see it, the U.S. will intervene to prevent armed takeover (i.e. Greece, Turkey, Korea, Dominican Republic).

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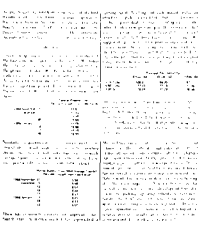

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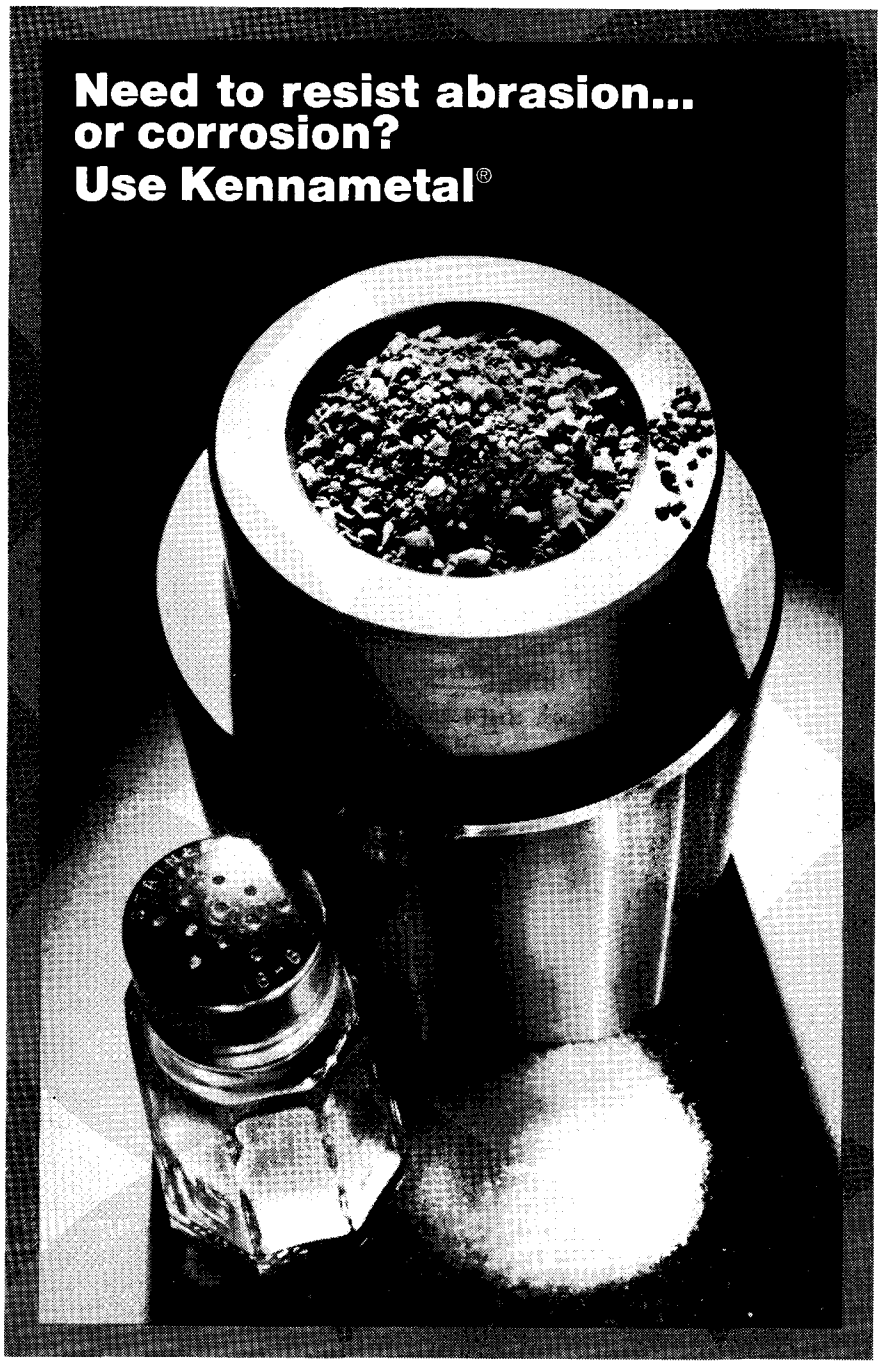

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The "antirevisionists," represented by Red China, North Vietnam, North Korea, and Cuba, still believe that armed revolution is the best means. This group rejects the Soviet theories of takeover in favor of guerrilla warfare.

Vietnam has become the showplace of which is right. Since the U.S. has held firm in Vietnam, guerrilla warfare in this hemisphere has fallen on its face; but a Communist victory in Vietnam would lend new impetus to the whole movement not only in South America, but in Africa and Asia as well. Further, the USSR might re-evaluate its methods, realizing that indeed the back of Uncle Sam has been broken through violent revolution.

Without such a victory, however, it is possible that we can convince even the Maoists that the price is too high to pay.

NICHOLAS R. CHICKERING

Los Angeles, Cal.

An excellent statement on Vietnam. Now then, let's abolish the draft, institute a volunteer army, and see what the young people have to say. Do you think you convinced them?

Oakland, Cal. DAVID GRAPPO

Polish Joke?

I find the article by Colin Clark in your issue of May 20 incomprehensible. Especially the table in which he lists "Populations Required for World Power Status" at various dates. From this table we learn that in 1670 the minimum was one million, and at that time Poland counted five million people. In 1670 Poland was in the gravest danger from foreign invaders, and from that time on fell into deeper and deeper trouble, culminating in the First Partition in 1772. She was never a World Power, and I fail to see why she is cited at all, nor indeed how these tables illuminate the subject of population in any way.

MRS. HOFFMAN NICKERSON

Oyster Bay, N.Y.

Enjoying Industrialization

Constantine Fitzgibbon ["The Joys of Industrialization," May 6] speaks of "industrialization" as if it were a distinct entity, completely independent of the choices and actions of separate individuals.

One must keep in mind, when talking about "industrial revolutions" and the inhuman aspects of "mechanization," that these phenomena only come about as a result of specific choices and preferences of rational individuals. Human desires are satisfied best, at least up to this point in history, by the workings of the industrial system. As long as this remains true, industrial revolutions will continue to take place, and, I suspect, most people will be better off, physically and spiritually, as a result of them.

St. Paul, Minn. ROBERT FLEMING

Constantine Fitzgibbon's article seemed worthwhile at first blush. In referring to

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England, however, why was it necessary to indulge in the flights of fancy which have, for years, characterized the outpourings of Madison Avenue and other propaganda-makers, who always see the Old World as a place of oppressive darkness, crammed with slave-labor, waiting only for a sight of the Statue of Liberty?

His reference to "hideous conurbations where hundreds of thousands of men and women live in dreary identical houses and watch identical drivel on TV, and hate the lives they live there, etc., etc." are particularly inappropriate. I would infinitely prefer to watch British television than the daily insults to intelligence that is the fare to which one is treated here.

As to the "hideous conurbations," when did the author last visit one of our typical American housing developments, with all dwellings alike, except, perhaps, for a different coat of paint, frequently badly constructed and nearly always over-priced? The points made are an inaccurate measure of any country's way of life.

Hartsdale, N.Y. G. R. C. THOMSON

Protest on Leopards . . .

The horror story in your current issue "The Day of the Leopard" is not only in poor taste, but it betrays an ignorance of the current struggle to retain a modicum of our world in its original state before the advances of "civilization" destroy everything natural. Leopards are on the list of endangered species. I suggest that you review your articles condemning riots and university disorders; wanton destruction remains senseless whether the target is an institution or an animal.

Bernardsville, N.J. DORIS M. STONER

. . . and a Reply

Perhaps these facts about conservation will reassure you. Organized safaris bring in money which many governments in Africa use to put aside, in perpetuity, large tracts of lands on which animals continue to live and prosper; and to pay the wardens who patrol and police them. In addition, many of the white hunters are deputized to arrest poachers and since they are in these areas constantly they provide a good auxiliary force. The number of animals and the species that a safari-goer can shoot is very closely regulated. If the wardens feel that a certain species is in danger of extinction then there is a closed season on that animal until such time as it is no longer in danger. Conversely the wardens often find it necessary, as they do yearly in the Kruger Park, to kill off some of the predators—lions and leopards—because they may be endangering the survival of other species. What does endanger wildlife in Africa is not the man on safari but the market hunter who kills indiscriminately and without concern for the future of wild life.

New York, N.Y. PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

(Continues on page 555)

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THE WEEK

■ Mr. Carl Offner, the graduate student who assaulted the dean at Harvard, has been sentenced to one (1) year in prison. Suggestion: let the Educational Television Network play one fifteen-second spot, live, of Mr. Offner, every hour on the hour, over the next twelve months, and let every campus invest in a television set crystal-tuned in to ETV and hung high in every commons room on campus. Sponsor? Any number come to mind. How about the Committee Against War and Fascism? Or, even, the Committee on Peace and Freedom?

■ An ounce of prevention won't cure the Pound. Which leaves only the dollar as an operative reserve currency in Europe. Like it or not, Professor Milton Friedman noted on an unofficial visit abroad, Europe is now on the dollar standard. Weighing their chances of redeeming their dollar reserves for U.S. gold (about one in five at best), Europe's central bankers could hardly disagree. The gold window is closed, the devaluation of the dollar is daily determined by the free market price of gold, and it is time to ratify the fact and let the free market establish the value of Western currencies, as Professor Friedman has long proposed.

■ In March the Supreme Court ruled that a criminal defendant has a right to see the transcripts of all his telephone conversations illegally tapped by the government, whether or not those conversations have a bearing on the defendant's case. The Court subsequently sent several pending convictions back to lower courts for re-examination in light of the ruling. One of these was the conviction of Muhammad Ali (Cassius Clay) for draft evasion. Last week the Justice Department made it clear that it will try to clarify the March ruling and will use the Ali case as its vehicle. Justice asked the Houston court now reviewing the conviction to withhold one telephone transcript from the defendant if, after a private reading, the court concludes that the wiretap was legal gathering of "foreign intelligence information." Justice also refused to give four other transcripts to Ali unless the court orders him not to disclose the information contained therein. Attorney General Mitchell argued that "the unauthorized dissemination of the facts relating to these surveillances would prejudice the national interest. . . ." It seems that the government has been bugging telephones in foreign embassies and consulates, and a few times Ali happened to call. It also seems that Justice is more concerned about continuing the wiretaps than it is about convicting Ali, and would probably drop the case against him if ordered either to do so or to publicly admit to its surveillance practices. All something of a legal tangle, to be sure, and the Supreme Court will no doubt be asked to take another look. In the meantime, fellas, till you get it all unraveled, what about letting the Champ climb back into the ring?

■ John Lindsay is standing for re-election as mayor of New York on the Liberal Party line, which is in the bag, and on the Republican line, which, surprisingly, isn't, and on his record, which is why eight or nine major Democratic opponents, sniffing the winds, have announced their candidacy. The obstacle to Lindsay's nomination by the Republicans, allegedly his own party, is the strength of a bid by Republican State Senator John J. Marchi (for mayor) and gadfly Assemblyman Vito Battista (for controller) on the GOP line, with Conservative Party endorsement. This ticket unites the city's conservative elements, and it is conceded not only a good chance of knocking off Lindsay in the primary but possibly of defeating divided Democratic opposition in the fall. Which is why John no-place-to-go-but-re-election Lindsay is running scared. It may also explain how the Lindsay-supporting *New York Times* happened to headline a report on the formation of the Marchi-Battista ticket like this: "Lindsay Vows Fight to Finish; 58,404 Endorse His Petitions." Well, after eleven paragraphs, the story did get around to mentioning Lindsay, in fact quoted him as saying: "If Battista drops out [of his own bid for the mayoralty, as he later did] it will be because he was bought out." An expert opinion, no doubt.

■ Poor Bertrand Russell. Like Charles de Gaulle and Joe Louis, he chose to continue fighting beyond his prime, and like both he ended by making a spectacle of himself. But there is still a bit of that previously fine mind functioning. On the occasion of his 97th birthday last week, Russell, who has just finished his three-volume autobiography, admitted that the last few years of his life, during which he became increasingly identified as the kooks' kook, have been useless.

■ The Polish cruise ship *Batory*, currently visiting Scandinavian ports, is riding higher in the water every day. People keep getting off—for good. So far 49 of the 492 passengers have sought asylum in Norway. It's not surprising that 10 per cent of a group of Poles dislikes life under Communism (*only* 10 per cent?), but it is oddish that escape is being made so simple. Speculation mounts that some of the defectors may be espionage agents.

■ The right of free thought does not allow one to stand up in a crowded university and whisper: "Hereditary factors may help explain lower average IQ test scores by Negroes." Such is the lesson in Academic Freedom being learned by Dr. Arthur L. Jensen, of the University of California, whose Unthinkable thesis to that effect was published in the *Harvard Educational Review* a few months ago. Dr. Jensen has been harassed by the defenders of Unthought ever since, first at the professional level, more recently by the experts, the Students for a Democratic Society. Having somehow learned of Dr.

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Jensen's scientific paper (123 pages, loaded with disclaimers) the Berkeley SDS has taken to making crank calls and demanding the firing of "Berkeley's white supremacist crusader," with the aim of terrorizing the professor into quitting. His secretary already has. Maybe heredity can help explain the SDS mentality; we still blame the Germans for their youth-violence-hate cult.

■ Meet Jake and Katherine Cesare of Delano, California —good Americans, parents of four nice kids, wicked capitalist oppressors. Yup, the Cesares farm 160 acres of table grapes; come harvest time, they employ 35 workers to pick them. Selling the grapes may be a problem this year, because of the nationwide boycott organized by César Chavez' United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (and promoted by everybody from the Kennedys up), which says it is out to save the downtrodden migrant worker from "exploitation" by grapegrowers. But, says Mrs. Cesare, most grapepickers in the Delano area—88 per cent—are year-round residents, who work on other crops when grapes aren't in season. And the lady suggests that Chavez' union doesn't appeal to them: "If the workers had wanted to join the union, they could have done so any time in the last three-and-a-half years, but they have not done so. . . . In fact, in all that time we have had only two men walk off the job in sympathy with the union." Hence the boycott—which, says Mrs. Cesare, "is aimed at the big corporate farms that employ lots of labor. They are diversified and will survive, but the hundreds of small farmers who depend mainly on grapes for a livelihood will suffer most." Tune in next week, when we'll chat with E. R. "Gramps" Brasspants, charter member of the military-industrial complex; meanwhile, Eat Grapes.

■ REDS COME TO BLOWS OVER RACE, RETIRE IN DISORDER, AS CZECHS SET UP POLE TACKS. Warsaw (IS)—"Elements still hostile to normalization," i.e. backpedalers, spread belts of thumbtacks across the path of the Warsaw-East Berlin Peace Race, Eastern Europe's most important bicycle race, according to Informed Sources. More than half the contestants suffered flat tires. The Czechs had refused to enter a team, to protest entries from the Soviet Union, Poland, East Germany, Hungary and Bulgaria. However, a few days before the race, the sponsors received and approved a Czech request that a token leg of the race cross Czech soil. The crowd of spectators along that stretch was large and very cheerful.

■ The solution to next month's Problem was submitted by Mr. Roy Ash, Chairman of the Board of Litton Industries, in his capacity as Chairman of the President's Advisory Council on Executive Organization. "We feel very strongly," Mr. Ash says (we don't believe it), "that the most useful work that can be done at this stage is to concentrate on governmental effectiveness, getting the end result accomplished, and therefore, we will be spending our time on determining those ways by which the work can best be done. . . . But one must make a distinction between concerning ourselves with effectiveness, addressing ourselves to the ability of the Government to get its tasks done, and a related but also not identical issue of the efficiency of itself by which it has gotten done, in the sense of man hours required versus man hours spent. It is a different nature of the matter." Read it aloud for full flavor. Solution to this month's Problem last month.

Mailer for Mayor?

Norman Mailer, whom I've read
Since *The Naked and the Dead,*
Has a platform with some pull—
Interlarded with the bull.
Bureaucrats are not his bag;
Central planning makes him gag.
Norman's slogans really swing:
"To each neighborhood, its thing."
Groovy! Watch the people run
To the segregated one.

W. H. VON DREELE

On the Fall of Fortas

We find ourselves uneasy at some of the pious moralizing that accompanies the Fortas exit—however much we welcome, for reasons of judicial philosophy, his departure. Reading the columns and editorials, you very nearly get the idea that every citizen who ever made a dime from a business or profession, bought a bond or a share of stock or an acre of land, got paid for a lecture, article, or service on a research project, is *eo ipso* unfit to be in any branch of the Federal Government. Seldom has there been such a chop-licking as over the list of congressmen's outside income and holdings. Treasury Secretary David Kennedy has been raked stem to stern because he took a few weeks to sell his bank stock without wrecking the market instead of dumping it two minutes after his appointment.

There is a good deal of hypocrisy, not to mention demagogy, in these periodic obsessions with "a conflict of interest." If we used the criteria for public office suggested by some of the sterner censors, we'd have to recruit our legislators, judges and officials from monasteries. Surely we want our government staffed with men who amount to something in civil society. Because of the kind of society we are, most such men will be possessed of a certain amount of property, business and professional connections, wide acquaintance, a tangible stake in the community. How could it be otherwise? Would they have given better proof of competence if they had never saved a cent, never held a responsible job, never known influential citizens, never made a successful investment? If we could take Drew Pearson seriously, David Kennedy should have proved his qualifications to be Secretary of the Treasury by going broke instead of

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becoming president of one of the country's foremost banks.

Self-evidently, we demand of our legislators and officials that they should be bound by the same laws as the rest of us, and punished like anyone else if they break the laws. It is generally agreed that we should demand of them more than this adherence to the explicit mandate of the laws. The conduct of our legislators and officials, we feel, should be "ethical" even where the law does not prescribe, should cut the roots of possible conflict between public and personal interests, and should shun even the appearance of wrongdoing. All well and good, but we doubt that anyone is going to succeed any better in the future than in the past in reducing the ethical conduct expected of officials to a set of automatic rules. This is a matter in which common sense, practical experience, moral sensitivity, taste, even something so old-fashioned as a sense of honor will always be needed to supplement abstract rules.

Common sense will have no trouble informing us that something stinks if a congressman is getting paid $100,000 a year by a big oil company to teach civics to its junior executives. Common sense ought to be able to judge well that there is nothing out of line when a congressman has some shares of oil company stock in his investment portfolio. It shouldn't take much moral sensitivity to see that there is a critical difference between giving an occasional lecture, for normal market fees, to a trade union or a chamber of commerce, and getting paid five times the market rate by principals with big Washington axes to grind. Common sense will do as custom has done in making a distinction between members of Congress, executive officials and judges. It is the function of the members of the legislative body, the parliament, to express, represent and endeavor to reconcile the varied interests of the citizens. It is therefore not only natural but desirable and necessary that they should be closely related to the practical interests of their constituents. A more austere rule is appropriate to administrative officials, who are charged (for example) with specific decisions on contracts, regulations, licensing, etc. that have multimillion-dollar consequences for businesses and other organizations. However, there is a lot of absurdity here. If Under Secretary of Defense Packard is the kind of man who might shift Pentagon contracts for his own friends' profit, then requiring him to sell his Hewlett-Packard stock or put it in a trust hasn't made him any more suitable for his post. The standard for judges, as Abe Fortas forgot or disregarded, must be the strictest of all, if the law is to retain its essential authority. But even with judges, a $15,000 seminar fee or $20,000 foundation grant is not crucial. The kind of man who might throw a judicial decision for a few thousand dollars should never be appointed a judge in the first place, and the right kind of man would not be influenced even by a lot more money.

The line, we can all agree, has got to be drawn somewhere. But there's no geometry book to tell us just where to draw it.

Death and Transfiguration

It would be a death-knell for the Republican Party [led by Senator Marchi] in this city to fall into the hands of its right-wing elements. N. Y. Times

Indulge me, will you, while I plug
Some thoughts about a crawling bug . . .
Just as the caterpillar swoons
Voluptuously in cocoons
Anticipating how he'll fly,
Transfigured, as a butterfly;
So I, a poor conservative,
Demoralized by gun and shiv,
Am itching for the bulletin
Proclaiming Mr. Marchi's win.
Fun Cityites, have you been mugged?
Have brazen burglars got you bugged?
Vote Lindsay out so we can sing
The joyous: Death, where is thy sting?

W. H. VON DREELE

The Draft: A Breeze of Change

At age eighteen every American male must register with his draft board, and experience to some degree what Whittaker Chambers called that "chilling sense that his life, which until then [has] been free as only young American lives are any longer free, [is] about to harden into one more serial number on the endless dog-tags." President Nixon's proposals to take some of the caprice and uncertainty, if not the chill, out of the process are commendable. If Congress goes along, the period of maximum vulnerability to the draft will be one year instead of seven years, the youngest will be drafted first, and selection will be more random than it has been; by sometime in his nineteenth year a young man will be either in uniform or in a position to make his plans and live his life without keeping one eye on the draft. He will know one way or the other as soon as possible, which is all to the good. The Nixon plan also provides for college deferments while continuing the recently-adopted policy of forbidding their infinite prolongation unto the third or fourth graduate degree.

But serious inequities remain, most of them rooted in the nature of the Selective Service System with its four thousand autonomous local boards, those "little groups of neighbors" that, General Lewis Hershey insists, are the cornerstone of fair and equitable peacetime conscription. Given the national faith in decentralization of authority, the arguments for local autonomy in the selection of draftees are superficially attractive. Less appealing are the consequences of local autonomy: men drafted by one board who would be deferred by another; too-hasty reclassification to 1-A of antiwar and antidraft protestors who, however repulsive their activities, should not be subjected to extralegal punishment; serious difficulties in defining valid conscientious objection; a wide-

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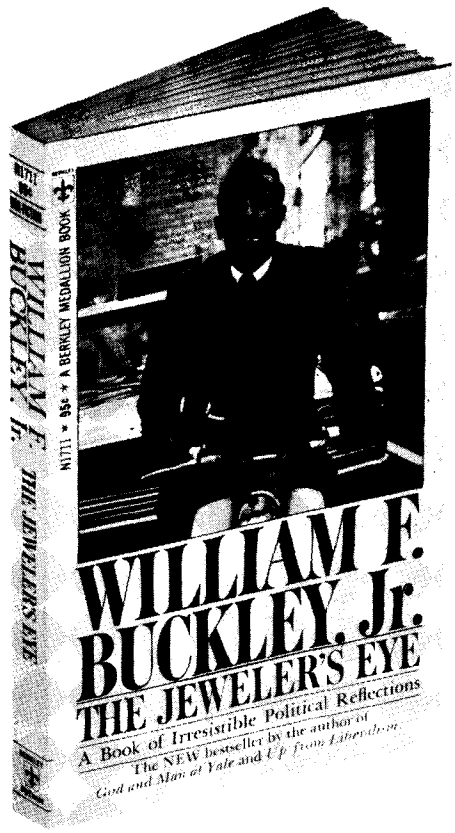
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spread feeling among young men of draft age that their futures are subject to the whims of a few old men. When the nation requires of a man two years of his life, and perhaps his life itself, the standards of selection and their application must be uniform, fair and free of any taint of favoritism. Here again, the citizen should know exactly where he stands.

The President's message hints that improvements are forthcoming: While paying customary tribute to the importance of local boards, Mr. Nixon remarks that to "encourage a consistent administration of draft procedures," "guidelines" for deferment and classification are to be reviewed by General Hershey and the National Security Council. Whether those "guideliness" will be sufficient to bring about uniform standards is debatable; certainly, General Hershey—now 75 years old, the mandatory retirement age for local draft board members—is too closely identified with the present system of extreme local autonomy to be effective in making his "little groups of neighbors" adopt such standards.

Ideally, it is widely agreed, military service should be voluntary except in time of national emergency (we have had peacetime conscription, after all, only since 1948). President Nixon has said time and again that a volunteer army must come as soon as the Vietnam emergency is over. Until that time, the national burden should be borne on a national basis, as far as possible equally by all.

What Now in Vietnam? (II)

A few additional comments on our editorial, in the issue of May 6, "What Now in Vietnam?"

I heartily endorse your editorial statement on the Vietnam war. It is high time that it be made clear to the American people that it is in our nation's interest to be in Vietnam and it is vital to our national security.

RONALD REAGAN
Governor of California

Your May 6 editorial statement on the Vietnam war was an excellent analysis with which I am in general agreement. I fully concur that an American failure to stop Communist aggression in Vietnam would have the most grave consequences and would shake free world confidence in U.S. commitments elsewhere. Indeed, the indecisiveness of our conduct of the war to date has already adversely affected our relations with countries such as Thailand and the Philippines.

I do not agree that "everyone concerned is tired of this war, and wants out—wants at least a postponement," insofar as it applies to Hanoi and Moscow. The evidence indicates that the Soviet Union still aggressively seeks expansion of its power and influence. The Communists will continue the Vietnam war so long as the cost/risk ratio substantially favors them.

The United States is outspending the Soviet Union in Vietnam by about ten to one. Americans are being killed in Vietnam, but not Russians. Vietnam diverts American attention from the Soviet threat against Europe, the Mediterranean and the Mideast. It even draws attention away from the direct threat to weapons deployment. So, by their measure, the Soviet investment in Vietnam is paying large strategic dividends.

I agree that only the President can provide the leadership to give the American people the understanding necessary to stand steadfast. However, to get a settlement on the terms you outline, much more than words will be required to demonstrate to Hanoi and Moscow that the United States has the will to accomplish its objectives.

An overriding consideration is that no real settlement is possible unless it covers all of Southeast Asia. If we attempt to settle the conflict in South Vietnam only, we will surely find that the Communist military resources now directed against South Vietnam will be diverted into Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Burma, Malaysia and Indonesia.

JOHN M. FISHER
President, American Security Council

Your article represents the most intelligent, concise statement I have read concerning our policies and alternatives in Vietnam. Whatever our failings may have been at the diplomatic and foreign policy level, the fact still remains that Southeast Asia has not fallen according to the Communist timetable. That we have not achieved military victory is due largely to the policy decisions of the State Department. While I disagree with the conduct of the war, the simple fact remains that we were justified in taking our actions there and we have certainly not failed.

Even with all the mistakes we have made, I feel that future history will record that the tide started to move in the Communist direction following our failure in Hungary in 1956, but that our resolve, even though not all that it should be, in Vietnam started the tide moving toward the free world again. Your article more clearly points out the importance of what we are doing in Vietnam than any statement I have read to date.

JOHN M. ASHBROOK
Representative to Congress
17th District, Ohio

Vietnam differs in quality from other wars we have known, each of which could be comprehended within the compass of its own beginning and end. Vietnam, by contrast, must be understood as an engagement, part of a larger struggle in which we are caught up not by choice but by virtue of our existence. Thus, terminating the fight in Vietnam is a problem not primarily of defining and attaining an objective with which we could be satisfied, but rather of disengaging ourselves on this front in a condition that permits us to contest renewed engagements in the larger struggle.

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Previously, in Greece, Berlin, Korea we defended free world frontiers—not so much a given territory as the courage of people living under the muzzles of Communist guns to continue resisting. While many changes have occurred in Communism, the significance of Communist arms has remained identical: giving in to them means to lose one's laws, religion, family bonds, native tradition and personal dignity. All the same, for those in exposed positions resistance would be mere foolhardiness were it not for partnership with U.S. armed power. Our military strength therefore serves not only the purpose of deterrence but also that of underpinning the anti-Communist courage of peoples contiguous to Communist power.

While that was the sole meaning of previous engagements, Vietnam has added to it a) the defense of another people's will to exist, b) a fight for our own political identity. Important segments of our population deny not only our right to fight the Communists in Vietnam but also to establish anti-missile defenses, possess nuclear weapons and even to use police force at home. What is at question here is ultimately our political existence as such, for if we were to abandon our will to maintain our nation's means of force and to use them for self-defense, we would thereby dissolve the bonds of political allegiance so that each would look after only himself.

For these reasons, the home front amounts to more than a mere condition of support for our fighting men in Vietnam: it is a second front, fully as important if not more important than the military contest and not wholly dependent on it. On the home front, what is at stake is our own will to maintain ourselves as a political entity, but ultimately its outcome will amount to a verdict on democracy. A nation of our size cannot remain independent without the nerve to possess and use armed force even in an atomic age. Were the American people to turn their back on this responsibility, some day a President of the United States will go ahead by himself and attend to this business without consulting the people or their representatives.

GERHART NIEMEYER
Department of Government
Notre Dame University

Congratulations on the brilliant editorial "What now in Vietnam." I wholeheartedly agree with your analysis of the problem and recommended course of action. The problem did not start in Vietnam, nor will it end in Vietnam. We must be prepared for a long, dirty conflict and realize that failure in Vietnam will be a catastrophe for the United States' future as a free and sovereign nation.

GENERAL THOMAS S. POWER
Former Commander, Strategic Air Command,
U.S. Air Force

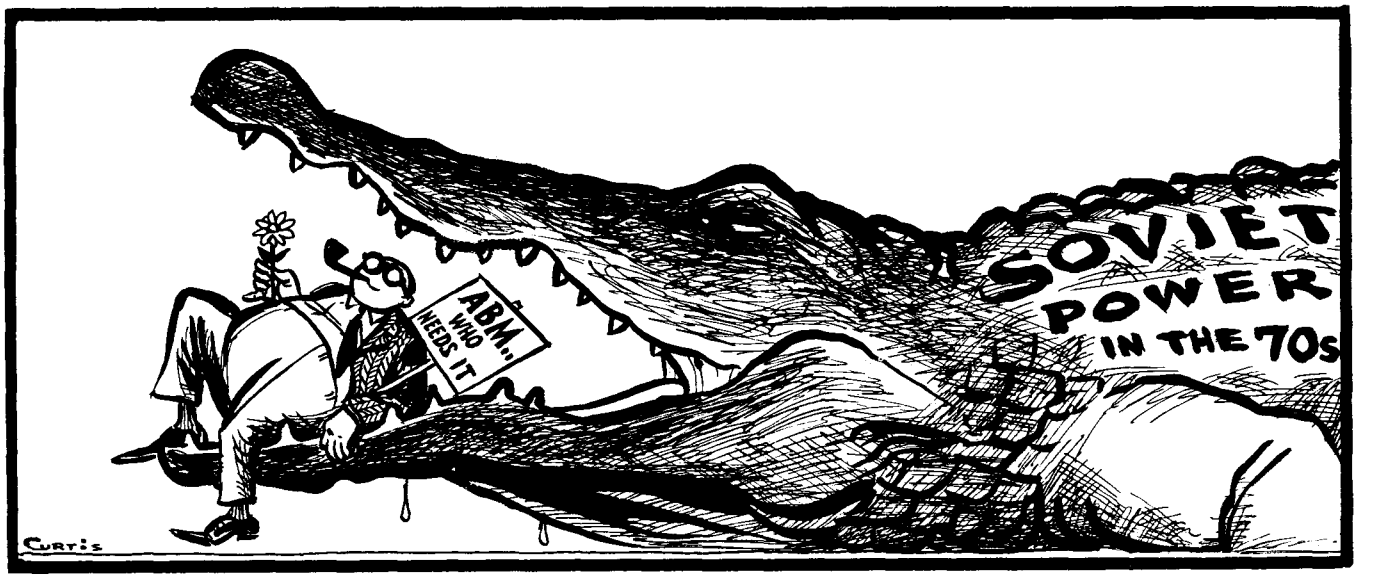
Backward and Downward with Edward M. Kennedy

KENNEDY PUTS EARTH NEEDS
AHEAD OF SPACE PROGRAM

Worcester, Mass., May 19—With the Apollo 10 spacecraft racing toward the moon, Senator Edward M. Kennedy called today for a slowdown in the space program so that funds could be diverted to such "pressing problems" as poverty, hunger, pollution and housing here on earth. New York Times, *May 20, 1969*

Don Teodoro de Quennedías, leader of the opposition in the Cortes, rose to address his peers:

"Lords and knights of the realm, where do our monarchs propose to lead us? Does not the good earth of Spain come before the outer edge of the empty ocean? Are we in truth going to squander our wealth and sub-



An Element of Trust

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stance—yes, even the family jewels of our Queen—on the hare-brained schemes of this adventurer from Genoa rather than put our money to use feeding the poor wretches starving in the hovels of Sevilla and Zaragoza?

"No one can eat or warm himself on these expensive gadgets and soft ware—this fancy new compass and star-gazer, these new programs for sailing against the wind. These scientific playthings cannot help us sail our ships as we have always done along the coasts and islands inhabited by man. Surely it is not worth a year's national income to send a great expedition into nowhere in order to make a few corrections on our maps!

"We need not try to get to the Indies or the land of Prester John merely because the Portuguese, French or English might get there first. I am—of course—for this exploration program. But I want to see it in its right priority, one which will let it continue into the future and not have to be cut back or abandoned because the nation that supports it is hobbled by internal disaster.

"We should develop a plan for an orderly programmed exploration of the outer ocean. But we no longer need an accelerated program."

"Not everyone at the ceremony," *El Tiempo*—though a supporter of the Quennedías point of view—was constrained to remark, "was pleased by the Senator's words."

Report from Fayetteville

Deriding a Fire Department request for funds to install two additional fire alarms in key areas of the city, Fayetteville Councilman J. Rhodes Snopes charged Friday that "no amount of new-fangled equipment can assure a fire-safe community."

Mr. Snopes' statement followed testimony by local department officials who sought Council approval for two new quick-alert alarms. The dissenting Councilman claimed that expanding the present alarm "will actually increase fire hazard in the community by giving citizens a false sense of security."

He also cited complaints from citizens near whose homes the proposed new alarms would be installed.

Later in the day, Dr. Ernst Angst, member of the Cambridge, Mass. Fire Department, testified that "the challenge posed by an expensive new anti-incendiary warning system will almost certainly have an exacerbating effect on whatever pyromaniacal tendencies are latent in your community."

The visiting fireman, a longtime critic of "the fire-fighter-alarm manufacturer complex," agreed with Councilman Snopes' contention that "fire prevention is far too important to be left to firemen."

Mr. Snopes has argued that funds for the proposed new alarm system could be put to better use rebuilding the city library, destroyed last year in a one-alarm fire.

—Victor Gold

Follow the Leader

Two weeks ago Georges Pompidou looked like a shoo-in in the French presidential sweepstakes. The only question was whether he would make it on the first round of voting June 1, or have to wait for the runoff of June 15. The Communists had tried—and failed—to forge a united front with assorted Socialists and leftists. Gaston Defferre is the candidate of the Left this year and Deferre is an anti-Communist. The French CP has had to fall back on Jacques Duclos, a weary, colorless and rather old party hack. Giscard d'Estaing, who heads a small but very influential centrist party that usually voted with de Gaulle, but who might have caused trouble, had thrown his support to Pompidou. Pompidou was well-known; he had been de Gaulle's premier for six of the ten years of the Gaullist regime, he was the man who stepped into the breach a year ago in the May-June riots and came out of them looking better than his leader (who promptly fired him for such presumption). It seemed all set.

Then, along came short, portly, sixty-year-old Alain Poher, president of the French Senate, interim President of France. Poher was unknown a month ago. Last week, most French polls indicated he would be the next President. As the pollsters read it, Pompidou will lead in the first round of voting, getting all or most of the Gaullist vote, but little or nothing else. Poher, a centrist candidate, will be right up there with better than 30 per cent of the vote, and the five other candidates will trail. In the runoff it will be Poher.

Why? How can an unknown whose platform is virtually indistinguishable from Pompidou's expect to beat out the Gaullist dauphin? The answers are political, and emotional. First, and most important, if it comes to a runoff between the two, the Left will throw its support to the man who is the more non-Gaullist, which is Poher. Poher, in fact, had fought de Gaulle before the referendum, fought the Gaullist plan to destroy the French Senate. But the reaction is also emotional. In the startled week and a half after de Gaulle retired, France was stunned and just a bit remorseful. To support Pompidou would be a gesture of affection toward de Gaulle, but now a month later, there is something

Timothy Leary Beats The Rap

When Timothy Leary, disciple of pot,
Went south of the border for you-know-what,
He found, on returning, the FBI
Was *dying* to see his fabulous buy.
As everyone knows, the doctor was tried.
The jury was on the government's side.
The sentence was strong (but awfully short!)
Because of that funny old, silly old Court.

W. H. von Dreele

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more comfortable about the non-brilliant M. Poher than the brilliant M. Pompidou; he epitomizes restfulness to a France force fed for the past ten years on an ersatz diet of *gloire*.

Everything's Rosy at Amherst

In a recently issued statement which the liberal press has treated as if it were one of the Dead Sea Scrolls, Dr. Calvin H. Plimpton, president of Amherst, euphoric from an academic orgy of "debate, discussion and [you guessed it] meditation," undertakes to set Mr. Nixon straight on campus unrest. "In yesterday's *New York Times*," says Plimpton sternly, "it is reported that five officers in your Cabinet 'seemed to agree that the disorder was caused by a small minority of students.' Our conviction is that such a view is seriously in error if it is taken to mean that no legitimate and important reasons exist for the anger and sense of impotence felt by many students and faculty."

Now what is this all about? The quotation from the *Times* seems quite straightforward. It says very simply exactly what it says: "the disorder was caused by a small minority of students." Why should this be "taken to mean" something else? Are these more of the famous code words, beloved of liberals, to which we have not yet been given the key? And what are we to make of Plimpton's Amherstian logic? Does it follow that a small group of students cannot be responsible for "disorder" because there are "many" students with legitimate grievances? And what precisely is the nature of this "disorder"? One reads daily in the liberal press of campus firebombings, beatings, dynamitings and even shootings, none of which activities apparently comprise Plimpton's definition of "disorder," a term he prefers to interpret as meaning "pervasive and insistent disquiet" (admittedly, a more mellifluous way of putting it).

"You've been called here for a special announcement!"

Having negatively established to our spiritual satisfaction that there is no "small minority of students" (such as the SDS, for instance) who are burning, beating, smashing or shooting, but only a bunch of nice kids made melancholy by an "insistent disquiet," brought on, of course, by the Kerner Commission Report and Vietnam, Dr. Plimpton goes on to tell Mr. Nixon how to cheer them up again. His program is, like the programs of most liberal academics, practical and precise. All Mr. Nixon has to do is end the war, make men of all races and religions love one another, and (here it comes again, for the 7,801st time) "redirect youthful energy toward those more idealistic, creative and generous actions which reflect a concern for others."

Speech #63, straight out of the *College President's Manual of Idealistic Uplift*. No chance, of course, in the rosy world of academic rhetorical optimism, that those "youthful idealists" may be SDSers and other committed revolutionaries. No chance that they might be using Vietnam, racism, etc., as bogus issues to lend legitimacy to their nihilistic disruptions. No chance . . . oh well. How can one ever hope to make a Plimpton see that the most legitimate of student grievances may well be the existence of Plimptons?

Turn About Is No Fair

From a report in the SDS *New Left Notes* (April 17) on a speech by S. I. Hayakawa, San Francisco State College's stalwart acting president, at Colorado U., headlined "We Were Set Up and Ambushed."

"Because of the political climate of the CU campus, we had originally decided that the best tactic would be a walk-out. This was to have taken place as soon as Hayakawa appeared on stage and it was to be led by the black students. However, Hayakawa was successful in taunting the black people and many other people in the audience, and they all began to shout him down. Forty-five minutes of this and a few chairs were thrown, then a brief scuffle with the cops. No one was injured.

"The immediate result of the action was blanket condemnation, and eight arrests on charges which could result in 1½ to 2½ years in jail for each person charged. Two SDS members, who had been suspended last year and readmitted conditionally, were summoned to appear before the University Disciplinary Committee. . . . It became very obvious very quickly that a concerted effort to get SDS was under way. In fact we now have reason to believe we were set up and ambushed.

". . . Many of you know of [Sidney] Hook's new organization, the Democratic Center for Rational Alternatives on American campuses. Their tactic apparently

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consists of using speakers like Hayakawa to create situations like the one which developed here. Listening to a tape recording of that evening shows that Hayakawa knew exactly what he was doing. His job was to turn whatever we had planned into a riot. He even tried to incite the crowd against the demonstrators. Hook and company had scores of cameras and tape recorders on hand to gather all kinds of evidence to be used later. Of course the local and federal cops were there collecting stuff to fatten their files with. They even had students from the local YAF and other such groups in the audience so they could testify against people later. In summary their plan seems to consist of making SDS deal with their speakers on their own terms, get as much evidence as possible, charge us with everything in sight, tie up our limited funds in bail money, and, if possible, put us in jail for at least a few months."

Do unto SDS as SDS would do unto you, eh?

Notes & Asides

■ Professor Douglas Stewart of Brandeis has a very interesting suggestion. He has, to begin with, constituted himself chairman and sole member of an Ad-Hoc Faculty Committee on Relevance in Education. And he has issued a report on "a relevant new undergraduate program." Inasmuch as students have become impatient with "the old-fashioned and largely irrelevant curriculum"; and inasmuch as "imprisonment must be seen as a primary mode of experiencing the modern sensibility," and inasmuch as most "student heroes have spent time in jail, or been chased by the cops," e.g. the Hebrew prophets, Socrates, Demosthenes, Cicero, St. Paul, Boethius, Dante, Aquinas, Villon, More, Galileo, Johnson, Cervantes, Voltaire, Paine, Marx, Dostoievsky, Lenin, Debs, Sacco and Vanzetti, then therefore "it is recommended that a new program be established to be called The Junior Year in Jail. A student who is placed in a city or county jail will receive a pass degree. Those who are sentenced to state prisons will be granted the degree of cum laude. Those who reach federal penitentiaries will be graduated magna cum laude, and those who write and successfully argue their appeals before the Supreme Court will receive their degree summa cum laude with special distinction." And an addendum: "If existing prisons are found to be inadequate to receive all such students, the foundations could probably be approached by the university for matching funds to construct last-resort jails on university campuses for underprivileged students who do not have the training to get into regular jails."

■ From a reader in California, typed out on the reverse side of her renewal form, "I can no longer *see* to read any magazine. It would be a great humanitarian gesture if the Library of Congress put NATIONAL REVIEW out in 'Talking Book' records. Address request to Division for the Blind, Library of Congress, Washington 20542."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
Could you refer me to an excellent conservative dentist? The last I visited was a liberal. I do not want dealings with another of his type, especially as my teeth are in very bad condition. It will take a patient dentist, but I want good, enduring work by a sound man. Payments will be made each visit, and these will be timed to the dentist's convenience.

Edward Baldwin
Box 258, Cooper Station,
New York, N.Y. 10003

■ In re Greenway *v.* the Cherokees, et al., some updating. You will recall that G., Professor John, University of Colorado, wrote in NATIONAL REVIEW (March 11, 1969) an article challenging the noble-savage stereotype of the American Indian. You will further recall that he was thereupon censured by the Student Assembly of the University. Now that censure drew, in turn, a censure from the editor of the CU newspaper, which called to the attention of the young Jacobins that they are hardly furthering academic freedom by censuring a professor who speaks his mind on a subject within his professional competence. It then transpired that the student censors hadn't even read the article they condemned. "If this keeps up," one student observed, "Greenway may rival Marx. Those who have read him may not be allowed to comment."

Meanwhile, Mr. Greenway has been harassed and threatened in various ways. He even received a letter from D. Chief Eagle, a Sioux, threatening him with bodily harm. To which gentleman he replied:

"How!

"White brother readum chicken tracks of red brother, makeum paleface heart heavy; tears of sorrow flow all over floor of teepee like great river.

"Lo, many moons ago Injun smokeum peacepipe, promise Great White Father puttum down tommyhawk, no makeum war forever no more. Now me thinkum, *Injun speak with forked tongue.*

"D. Chief Eagle he says he invade white brother own hunting ground and castum lance at white brother. What kind talk this talk? Maybe D. Chief Eagle heap big silly humbug; maybe better watch out, you thinkum? White brother maybe lift up Injun hair pretty damn smart, hey? Maybe bury hatchet in D. Chief Eagle head, he come up here steal land, steal woman. Makeum damn good Injun right quick, by Chrise.

"Ugh!

"John Greenway
"Heap Big Chief Medicine Man
"Professor of Anthropology"

—WFB

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JAMES BURNHAM

STRIKE THREE AND OUT

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

Defense Secretary Melvin Laird has stated that the Soviet Union's current deployment of SS-9 missiles and progress in anti-submarine measures suggest it may be seeking a "first-strike capability." This could be achieved by the mid-1970s, Laird estimates, unless the U.S. takes adequate countermeasures.

What exactly is meant by "first-strike capability"? In one sense any missile has a first-strike capability. It could, that is to say, be fired first, before the other side fires. This is not what is usually meant by the term. It is worth mentioning, however, in order to emphasize a point that is often not recognized or not admitted. Any and every missile, including the missiles making up what is designated a "second-strike force," has a first-strike capability in this very general sense that it could be fired first, before the enemy fires.

When Secretary Laird spoke of "first-strike capability," he meant something more: a missile force able, if fired first, to knock out enough of the opponent's missile force to prevent him from inflicting damage in retaliation.

Balance of Terror

In this strategically decisive sense we possessed a first-strike capability for many years, until about 1963. The Soviet Union simply didn't have enough of a strategic nuclear force, even apart from what we could have knocked out, to inflict unacceptable damage.

In recent years, neither side has had a first-strike capability in this special, over-all sense. The reason for this is that each side has taken steps to protect its own strategic weapons from attack by enemy weapons. Even if the opponent fired first, a sufficient number would be left to inflict unacceptable damage on him. This protection has been provided by hardening of launch sites, concealment, mobility and also, no doubt, by deception.

The new result has been "mutual deterrence"—the so-called "balance of terror." Each side knew, or believed, that it could not strike first without the risk of a retaliation from which it would suffer more, indeed very much more, than it could accept.

How could this balance be broken? One way would be by unilateral disarmament. Ruling that out, another would be by one side's acquiring a strategic weapons force that could knock out enough of the opponent's strategic weapons to lower the possible retaliatory damage to an acceptable level; in other words, gaining, or regaining, a first-strike capability. This might be done by a combination of such elements as: 1) more, more powerful and more accurate weapons; 2) multiple-entry warheads; 3) fractional orbit missiles; 4) orbiting weapons platforms; 5) hunter submarines able to track the opponent's missile-carrying submarines; 6) anti-missile systems.

It no doubt seems odd to include the presumably defensive anti-missile systems among elements of an offensive first-strike capability. But all weapons are both offensive and defensive, depending on the context. A first-strike force must be able to knock out most of the opponent's missiles. Whether this were done before they were fired, or by the anti-missile system on their way to target, would make no essential difference.

Now what Secretary Laird is saying is that the Soviet Union is technically able to produce the elements in that combination within the next few years, and therefore (if we don't take counterbalancing steps) to achieve a first-strike capability. Given a Soviet first-strike capability, we would be, literally, at their mercy.

Laird's facts seem probable and his reasoning unassailable, but let us carry it a stage further. We, too, are technically able to produce those elements, and are already going ahead with most of them. It follows that we, too, seem to be in a position to achieve a first-strike capability, if we so choose. Within a few years *both* sides might possess a first-strike capability, and thus each side will have the other at its mercy.

This is a balance of a sort, no doubt, but a very different balance from that of the past few years and the present. In the existing balance, *neither* side has a first-strike capability and both sides have a second-strike capability. This establishes an objective basis for stability, because neither side could win by a pre-emptive attack; more exactly, both sides would necessarily lose. The possible future balance would be a reverse: *neither* side would have a second-strike capability; both, a first-strike. Thus the side that fired first would win, and the side that waited would inevitably lose. This relationship would seem to make for a most extreme, almost intolerable instability.

It is this grim prospect that has led a number of serious persons, along with the usual doves, pacifists and professional disarmers, to urge new discussions with the Soviet Union to see whether it is possible to agree on some method of controlling this quantum escalation.

Is such an agreement conceivable? I believe it is, in one way and one way only.

One and One Only

Serious persons—on the Soviet side, no doubt, as well as ours—cannot trust good intentions or the words of documents in these matters. Enforcement of an agreement would have to be subject to continuous, detailed verification satisfactory to both sides. Spy satellites plus normal intelligence would not be sufficient. The one and only measure in which both sides could have confidence —and which would thereby re-establish stability—would be the reciprocal introduction of each side's strategic experts into the other side's strategic system. A

(Continues on page 557)

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COVER STORY

Richard Nixon has fallen short of the high expectations conservatives had for him, says the author, and adds that this was inevitable given the facts. An incisive look at the Nixon style and the Nixon performance

Report Card for Richard Nixon

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

CARLYLE'S MAXIM offers the best point of beginning. "Biography," he said, "is the only true history." Any useful appraisal of Richard Nixon's first few months in the White House has to rest primarily upon the nature of the man himself.

Plainly, he is unlike his immediate predecessors. The thought of Mr. Nixon's lifting a beagle puppy by the ears is quite simply an unthinkable thought. The President is an in-dwelling man; we reporters shall see none of his operations, especially abdominal ones, at shirt-tail range. He lacks the tartness of Harry Truman. He has none of Jack Kennedy's easy-going elegance. Dwight Eisenhower reflected a kind of lamp-in-the-window goodness. Nixon's light is different.

One skips over Roosevelt, of course, and looks back to Herbert Hoover for a President more in Nixon's mold. Hoover came to the White House at 54; Nixon is 56. Hoover had spent most of his life in foreign affairs; Nixon's greatest area of expertise also lies in foreign policy. Hoover had spent seven years in Washington as Secretary of Commerce; Nixon was eight years Vice President. Hoover was the methodical engineer; Nixon is the quintessential lawyer. Neither man was born to have his back slapped. Hoover liked his shirts with a little more starch in the collars. In his view of the function of the Federal Government, Hoover was not nearly so "conservative" as we tend to imagine. Neither is Richard Nixon.

Yet such comparisons are idle. Mr. Nixon is his own man. He changes, as most men do; he has changed since November. One hesitates to pigeonhole him, in the familiar classification, as a thinker rather than a doer; he is not that easily labeled. In any event, he is not a deep thinker. His Inaugural Address, on which he labored so earnestly, contained no profound reflections on political philosophy. Mr. Nixon is prudent; he is the soul of prudence; he calls to mind that famous Southern editor, now retired, whose cautious practice was to wear both suspenders *and* a belt. He is a looker, not a leaper. He is a calorie-counter, a string-saver, a footnote-reader.

Above all, we are beginning to perceive, Mr. Nixon is the lawyer—not the trial lawyer, wooing a juror and grilling an obdurate witness. He is the office lawyer. He will tidy up a contract, and leave no clauses dangling at the side. He will cover every contingency known to the drafter of wills. His object, because he knows the perils of confrontation, is rarely to get into court at all; better, he thinks, less traumatic, usually more satisfactory, to settle the matter out of court. He knows the value of a timely motion for continuation: At his press conference of February 6, when he had been in office barely two weeks, a reporter asked for comment on the FCC's proposed ban on cigarette advertising on radio and TV. After he had evaluated the FCC's position, said the President, "I will make an announcement." He has made no announcement.

The President has the good lawyer's obsessive urge to spell things out. He is forever saying—it has become a small joke—"let me make this perfectly clear." He is fond of the forensic colon: "What has happened is this: Let me explain the difference: I would also point this out:" He is a speak-from-an-outline man. One sees the Roman numerals marching in cadence through his mind: Hup, II, III, IV. Thus he sees three explanations for recent North Vietnamese offensives, and he summons them forth—first, second, third—to stand at attention. He sees two limitations on a four-power conference dealing with the Middle East, and we get them by the numbers: Number one, number two.

In brief, Mr. Nixon is an organized man. Even Ike, who liked his memoranda short and snappy, never approached the Dewey decimal point. Nixon's world revolves around it.

I remark that he has changed since last fall; and he has. It is all for the better. On the surface, Nixon seemed to enjoy the campaign trail. Yet we

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used to speculate, following him around, that much of his toothy enjoyment was merely porcelain-capped. Between the rostrum and the unknown crowd, he maintained two rows of nicely insulated Nixonettes. "We're gonna sock it to 'em!" he cried in Toledo. "It's time to go-o-o!" he howled in Portland. But the exhortations of the cheerleader stick uneasily in his throat. He is not much for the sweat and spearmint of an armory rally. At one whistlestop—the memory blurs—he was presented the gaudiest key to a city ever devised, a two-foot affair, done up with ribbons of shocking pink. We were reminded, watching Nixon holding the thing, of Cal Coolidge clutching that fish.

All that is behind him now. Nixon gives every impression these days of a contented and confident man. He is not overweening, or complacent, or cocksure. He is a man on top of his job, serene in his knowledge of himself. In the stopwatch mind of the distance runner, every lap is neatly paced. The President ran his first hundred days as he proposes to run the next thousand, by the watch, lap by lap, not puffing, not straining, and the second-hand coming up where he wants it.

Mandate: from Whom?

THE QUALITIES that go into Nixon the man have governed the record of Nixon the President. How good is the record? At the end of his first semester, the record is mixed: Not bad; not bad at all. But not Dean's List, either. From the conservative point of view, it is about what we should realistically have expected; and if some of us have reacted with disappointment, the fault may not lie with Mr. Nixon's performance, but with our own giddy hopes. We hoped for too much.

Three factors should have played a larger part in our reckoning. One is the nature of the man; Mr. Nixon is not the bold and dashing leader, eager to put a stamp on his first hundred days. A second is the nature of the Presidency, and especially of this Presidency; of which more in a moment. A third is the nature of our government.

It is a common illusion, manifested alike by labor and by management, by black and white, by North and South, to think of a President, in appropriate circumstances, as *our* President: *We put him there*. Without us, we say, he wouldn't have made it. And what does he owe those other guys?

In their post-November exultations, many conservatives found this illusion overwhelming. On the record, Nixon would not have scraped out his critical plurality without the solid support of conservative and middle-roading Republicans and Democrats who resisted the allurements of George Wallace and thus delivered a half-dozen key states to the Nixon column. Surely the Rockefeller-Lindsay wing of the Party fluttered but feebly in the candidate's behalf. Nixon got less than 5 per cent of the black vote. He wound up with only 32 electors to spare. If California had gone to Humphrey, the election itself would have gone to the House. Indeed, if one wants to play the numbers game, it is possible to put together several switch-around might-have-beens, involving less than one-tenth of 1 per cent of the 72 million votes cast; and by these hypothetical shifts, Nixon would have lost. So we said: *We saved him; he is ours.*

Well, he wasn't ours. He wasn't anybody's. A man who wins the White House with 43.331 per cent of the popular vote—and whose party fails to capture either House of Congress—doesn't enter upon his term with what you'd call a mandate. To be sure, it is comforting arithmetic to add Nixon's 31.3 million and Wallace's 9.8 million, and to come up with a solid 41.1 million "conservative" majority. But this wasn't *Nixon*'s majority, and his obligation as President, under these unsettling circumstances, was not primarily to gratify his friends but to mollify his enemies. He had to reach for a larger base. Privately, he might be grateful to South Carolina's Strom Thurmond; publicly, as President, he faced imperative tasks of unification.

Some of us felt snubbed. After years of hungering for Presidential affection, we looked through the gates of Pennsylvania Avenue, and behold: there was our man embracing Wilbur Mills. Democrats by the dozen were coming to lunch. It was hello Mike, and hello Bill, and mawnin' John; and this was fine for the senators from Montana, Arkansas and Mississippi. But it wasn't often hello, Ev. Yet the President was right.

Finally, some of us tended to forget, in the midst of the Yuletide euphoria, the very bulk of the ship of state. All of us know these things; we put them out of mind. Nixon inherited built-in billions of untouchable outlays. He inherited programs-in-being, treaties in force, contracts already let, local commitments irrevocably made. The Johnson Administration made his task more difficult by a deliberate series of midnight appointments and promises. Nixon also inherited a bureaucracy entrenched beyond belief. So much hugeness, so vast an inertia, cannot be quickly turned. Even if Nixon's nature were different, even if a mandate had been evident, no incoming President could have spun this ship around in a hurry.

Very well. End of qualifying remarks. At a seminar held at UCLA in the spring of 1968, Dr. Henry Kissinger commented upon the matter of Presidential pace.

"As a general rule," he said, "I believe a new President, in the areas where he wants to effect change, must do so within the first four months. He need not complete it in this time, but he must give enough of a shake to the bureaucracy to indicate that he wants a new direction, and he must be brutal enough to demonstrate that he means it."

Dr. Kissinger is now Presidential assistant for national security. He was speaking then as an outside historian. Four months may seem a somewhat precipitate deadline to him now. Yet his general rule seems fair enough. Mr. Nixon hasn't been brutal; he hasn't shaken the bureaucracy; and in most of the key areas where one assumes he wants to effect change, it is painfully difficult to see much change effected.

Lawyer's Distinctions

MR. NIXON is majoring in foreign affairs. His one required course this term is Vietnam. At the end of his first grading period, with his address of May 14, he draws at best a C+.

During his campaign, the President promised that he would support "a generous peace." His recent principles for settlement are generous indeed—more generous than a casual reader may imagine. He said flatly that "I oppose a coalition government." In Vietnam he said, a coalition with the Communists would be like putting a cobra and a mongoose in a cage together. Yet a close scrutiny of his text makes it clear that such a coalition is entirely conceivable. Mr. Nixon carefully reviewed the reasons against unilateral withdrawal of American forces, but he went on to draw a lawyer's precise distinction between forces of North Vietnam and forces of the National Liberation Front. He proposes the withdrawal from South Vietnam only of

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organized units of North Vietnam. Units of the NLF would not be disturbed. And he is ambiguous—almost airily ambiguous—even about withdrawal of the troops of North Vietnam:

"If North Vietnam wants to insist that it has no forces in South Vietnam, we will no longer debate the point—provided that its forces cease to be there, and that we have reliable assurances they will not return."

Curiously, this important concession appears only in the prepared text of the President's May 14 address. It was omitted on delivery. What he seemed to be saying is that the United States openly would withdraw the major portion of its forces over a twelve-month period. Meanwhile, forces of the NLF would remain. And he would be satisfied with "reliable assurances" that the non-existent forces of North Vietnam no longer existed.

The May 14 presentation was the President's first term paper on Vietnam. It was not as "clear" or as "concrete" as it seemed to be, yet in the midst of negotiations, perfect clarity on terms could not reasonably have been asked. His principles may be welcomed as that "fresh beginning, free from the legacy of errors of the past," which he promised last fall. And if these principles lead to a cease-fire and a not intolerable settlement by the winter of 1969 or the spring of 1970, the President can claim a solid A. He might also claim a second term in the White House.

In other areas of foreign policy, Nixon has excelled. His insistence upon ratification of the nuclear nonproliferation treaty, in my own view, was needless error; but it was not an error of large consequence. As a workable instrument for world peace, the treaty probably is less effective than a tour of the Bob Hope troupe. The pact is mostly dumbshow, a brass plaque to hang on the wall; it carries no more weight than an Elks' resolution. This is not intended lightly to dismiss the 83-15 vote of ratification: The treaty becomes part of the supreme law of our land; it will have to be respected, flimsy as it is. It is merely to submit that the nonproliferation treaty is not worth a full-rigged attack.

No UN Nonsense

Neither is the President's espousal of the International Development Association (IDA) an appropriate target for the barrage laid down upon it. If we assume, realistically, that foreign aid is to be continued in some form, surely IDA loans under the World Bank offer advantages not found in grants and subsidies from the Treasury. Nixon himself made no remarkable exertions in support of the $480 million U.S. contribution toward IDA's capital replenishment fund. He sent an emissary to deliver a statement of mild approval. And taking one thing with another, that seems not so bad.

The President won high marks late in February with his eight-day trip to Europe. The tour was a *tour de force*. It did not produce a million teenyboppers throwing kisses in the streets, but it produced a healthy respect among governments.

He merits praise for his attitude toward the United Nations. After some uncertainty, when it appeared that Hubert Humphrey, or Eugene McCarthy, or—who knows?—Zsa Zsa Gabor might follow in the celebrated footsteps of Adlai Stevenson and Arthur Goldberg, the President cut out the celebrity nonsense. He named a faceless career man, Charles W. Yost, as U.S. Ambassador to the UN, and in that moment put the UN in nice perspective. At his first press conference on January 27, the President stepped squarely into a fast ball thrown by a hostile reporter: What about Red China? "The policy of this Administration at this time," he said, "will be to continue to oppose Communist China's admission to the United Nations."

The President's message of February 22 on Nigeria was exemplary. The pros and cons of his proposal for an anti-ballistic missile system demand larger exposition than they can be given here, but most conservatives view them as sound. In deliberately stalling on the Peruvian controversy, involving compensation for the expropriated facilities of the International Petroleum Company, Mr. Nixon was playing the lawyer's game—and playing it well. In welcoming such distinguished visitors as Canada's Prime Minister Trudeau, the

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President has impressed most of the Washington press corps (some of the swinging newshens excepted) with his command of white-tie protocol. In brief: Mr. Nixon was expected to excel in foreign affairs. He has done just that.

Appointments: Just a B

A REQUIRED COURSE for any new President lies in his exercise of the appointive power. Give Mr. Nixon a B in the course. But not a very high B. At the end of his first hundred days, the President had filled not quite half of his "C" list jobs. More precisely, he had named 835 persons for the 1,737 key positions subject to Presidential discretion without regard to Civil Service rules. Many of his appointments were good; some were not so good. The regrettable thing, in a conservative view, is that scores of old Kennedy-Johnson aides, especially in the State Department, were simply kept at their desks.

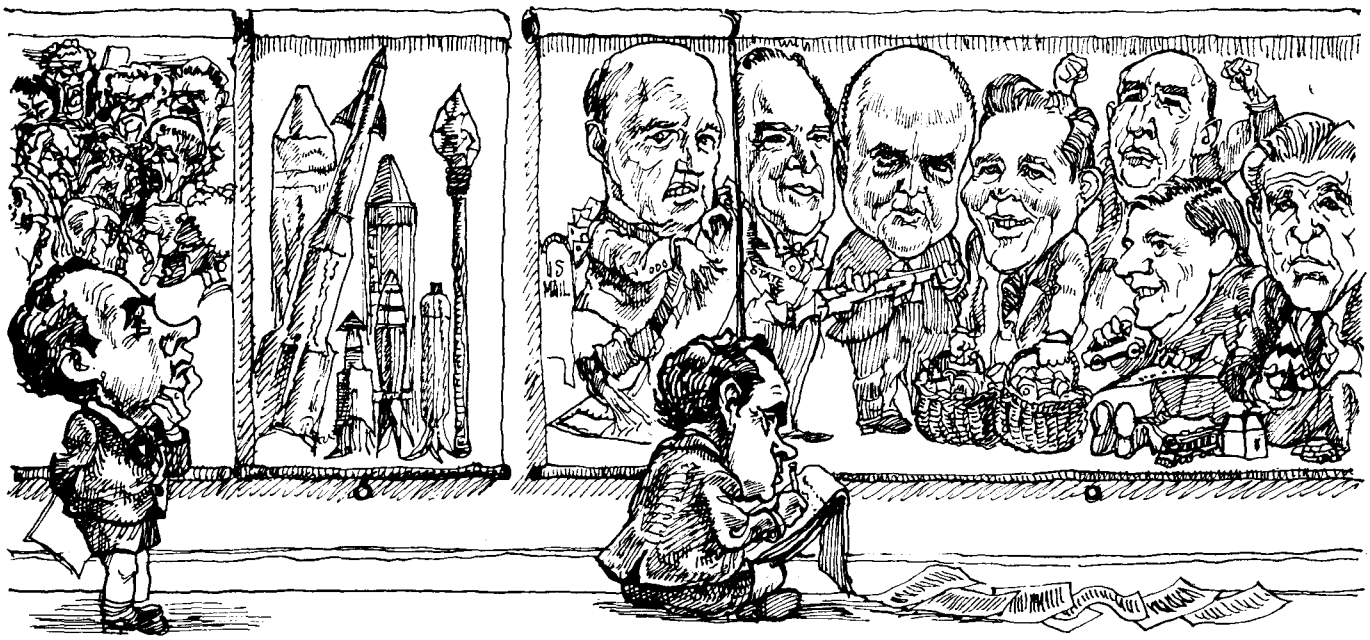
This carry-over is significant; its consequences ought not to be obscured. As many observers have remarked, a President is peculiarly a captive of the advisers around him. They shape his calendar, arrange his appointments, screen his mail, answer his telephones, draft his speeches, boost his morale. But at least a President's White House people are his own people. The White House offices have new faces at every key desk. Most of the carry-over career men are in house-keeping assignments, security, communications, and the like.

The life of a rookie Cabinet member is more complicated. The operating responsibilities of government go on, independent of the man at the very top; and these are not operating responsibilities only. Cumulatively, they are policy-making responsibilities also. The Postmaster General, to pick an example with low adrenalin content, is a prisoner of postal precedent. The mail has to move. It moves by policies laid down by predecessors long forgotten; it moves by union rules; it moves at hours, routes, and rates fixed by someone else some other time. Winton Blount is an able man, but he is caught like Br'er Fox in the Tarbaby.

The situation has a deeper pertinency in such departments as State, Welfare and Defense. The Nixon Administration inherited hundreds of positions in the State Department, not covered by Civil Service, which might have been swept by a new Nixon broom. The President swept very few. Dozens of chiefs, subalterns, assistants, and assistants to assistants were retained from the Kennedy-Johnson era. These anonymous gentlemen are the drafters of memoranda, the first framers of policy. Their initials leave bird-tracks upon documents going up and coming down. Secretary Rogers, feeling his uncertain way, knows some of the uncertainties of Isaac: the voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.

A specific example of the trickle-up effect may appear before long in the matter of East-West trade. Throughout his campaign, Nixon repeatedly emphasized his opposition to a major relaxation of trade barriers, so long as the Soviet Union were supplying arms to the enemy in Vietnam. But early in May, a career Foreign Service officer, Philip H. Trezise, wound up in a slot as Assistant Secretary of State for economic affairs. As the editors of *Human Events* remarked, the appointment is disturbing. Trezise is regarded as a favorite of liberal Democrats; during the Kennedy-Johnson years, "he repeatedly beat the drums for Red trade expansion." Now he will have a decisive say in framing Red trade policy for the entire government; he most likely will control the regulations governing Red trade administered by Commerce and Treasury. His name will almost never appear in the news, but his presence will be profoundly felt when policy is made.

In remarking the vitality of the subcutaneous bureaucracy, I do not mean to imply that secretaries are nothing more than marionettes, dancing to invisible strings. Eventually, strong men can make their wills prevail. Nixon has named several such men. John Mitchell is proving a strong man as Attorney General; his press relations could be improved (in Washington, one expects the story to be leaked that Mitchell talked with Earl Warren about the conduct of Abe Fortas, but such a story ought not to be *clumsily* leaked). George Romney is making firm noises at Housing and Urban Development. John Volpe, who is putting in long days at Transportation, is proving suf-



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ficient to the evils thereof. Walter Hickel stumbled at the starting gate—his nomination to Interior was the only Cabinet appointment held up—but he has gained much ground in the past four months. David Kennedy, in Treasury, has made an excellent impression upon almost everyone but Congressman Wright Patman. Little has been heard from George Schulz in Labor or Maurice Stans in Commerce, but their portfolios are not fountains of headlines.

The large question mark at the Cabinet level, at least in the conservative view, remains Robert H. Finch in Health, Education and Welfare. It was not to be supposed that Mr. Nixon would fill the position with some fire-breathing dragon, fresh caught from the caves of the NAM. All the same, Secretary Finch has done nothing to suggest new directions in the course of federal welfare programs. His pronouncements, for the most part, have been indistinguishable from the pronouncements of the Democrats who came before him—Cohen, Gardner, Celebrezze, Ribicoff. The new Commissioner of Education, Dr. James E. Allen Jr., was known as "Mr. Busing" in his doctrinaire days as superintendent of public education in New York. He appears to have brought his title with him. James Farmer, once director of CORE, has become Assistant Secretary for Administration, a key spot in departmental hiring. No changes for the better have appeared in the Food and Drug Administration. The whole welfare set-up, sad to say, has the general feel of marshmallow fudge.

Herr Henry Richelieu?

There is some unease, though it ought not to be overblown, at the White House staff. Most of the right-hand men are solid fellows: Harry Dent, Pat Buchanan, Bryce Harlow, Herb Klein, Tom Huston. The influence of Ripon thinkers, such as Lee Heubner and Raymond Price, is not yet pervasive. Urbanologist Pat Moynihan reportedly is making his potent influence felt, but he has not converted the President to family allowances. Dr. Paul McCracken has made few staff changes within the Council of Economic Advisers; neither has Robert P. Mayo in the Bureau of the Budget, yet no cries of alarm are required. The returns are not yet in on Dr. Lee Dubridge as science adviser. Judgment also is reserved on other key men who have yet to meet their first crisis: Jacob Beam, ambassador to Moscow; Walter Annenberg, ambassador to Great Britain; Frank Shakespeare, head of the USIA.

As the weeks pass, an impression develops that one of the most powerful men in the Nixon Administration will be Dr. Kissinger. Some of Washington's liberal pundits already are seeing his dark Prussian figure as an *éminence grise,* emanating hard-line vibrations from his office close by the Situation Room. At off-the-record briefings with newsmen, Dr. Kissinger has won much respect. His handling of the spy plane incident was unflappably flawless.

Finally, in the matter of Nixon's appointments, favorable mention should be made of G. Warren Nutter and David Packard in Defense; Emil "Bus" Mosbacher as Chief of Protocol; and Otto Otepka to the Subversive Activities Control Board. The Otepka nomination threw the *Washington Post* into apoplectic frenzy, but it got Nixon off a sharp conservative hook.

In the hard school of appointments, the President has not done badly. He has flubbed a few: Willie Mae Rogers, who lasted three days in February as his consultant for consumer affairs; Peter Bove, whose nomination had to be withdrawn as Governor of the Virgin Islands; Dr. Franklin Long, whose adverse view of the ABM kept him from a top post in science. It was a blunder for Nixon even to think of naming his brother Ed to a plump post in Alaska. The President looked bad in dumping Ray Bliss at the Republican National Committee. The chief criticisms—and they are valid criticisms—go to the prolonged delays in filling so many key positions, and to the President's failure to clean out more of the old glassblowers from State, Defense and the National Security Council.

Nixon's final examination in appointments is close at hand. Abe Fortas resigned from the Supreme Court on the night of May 14. Earl Warren has promised to depart at the end of the term in June. The opportunity thus is presented, much sooner than anyone had foreseen, for Nixon to fill two of the nine seats on the high tribunal. *These are the appointments that count.* In many ways, these are the most important appointments any President can make. In Finch, Moynihan, Allen, Farmer, the President is dealing with the here and now; he is dealing with today, with tomorrow, with next week on the Hill. But when he turns to those two empty chairs on the Court, he turns to the years ahead. If the President gives us two conservatives—two men to stand beside Harlan, Stewart and White—all our minor complaints can be dismissed. In the hour that two new justices are confirmed, Nixon may influence the shape of our fundamental law into the twenty-first century. The quintessential lawyer knows this. When we see his appointments to the Court, we shall see Richard Nixon. Not before.

Another Buchanan?

AT THE END of his first semester, the President rates a middling C in Congressional Relations. His grade in Domestic Affairs has to be marked Incomplete.

It is needless to belabor Mr. Nixon's peculiar position on the Hill: He is the first President since Buchanan, etc. Doubtless he had hoped to be dealing not with Wilbur Mills on Ways and Means, but with John W. Byrnes of Wisconsin; not with the bland Bill Colmer on House Rules, but with H. Allen Smith of California; not with George Fallon on Public Works, but with Bill Cramer of Florida; not with George Mahon on Appropriations, but with Frank T. Bow of Ohio. He is not so dealing. By the same token, he doubtless had prayed to be working with such top Republican senators as Bennett in Banking, Williams in Finance, Aiken in Foreign Relations, Mundt in Government Operations. His prayers went unanswered. Mr. Nixon has to make do with the Democrats he has to deal with. On this score, at least, he has done his diplomatic best, but he has offended dozens of old-line Republicans in the process; and he has wrung precious little from Wilbur Mills.

He has wrung precious little from the Congress as a whole, mainly because he has asked for virtually nothing. In the first four months, he got an increase in the debt limit, though not on the terms he sought; he got the nuclear treaty through the Senate; he won a skirmish on elementary and secondary education in the House. One is hard put to think of anything else.

The action—such action as it is—has come primarily with Presidential messages. Recently they have come flying up to the Hill every hour on the hour, like the shuttle to La Guardia: tax reform, narcotics, obscenity, revision in the draft laws, modifications in the budget. Early in the year, the

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problem was to make Nixon talk; he had lowered his voice till it was fairly inaudible. As the rain of messages continues, the problem may be to make Nixon shut up.

The President's messages, like the President's appointments, mirror the political pragmatist behind them. Mr. Nixon would like to see the popular election of Presidents, *but*—but he does not believe such a constitutional amendment would be politically feasible. The President would like to see truly extensive tax reforms, *but*—but these can wait till next year. He has some sound ideas on bail reform, but he does not press his ideas on the Congress.

In some areas of domestic affairs, the President has shown the decisive side of his nature. Would he favor a Department of Peace? No. Would he endorse a higher minimum wage? No. Would he advocate price and wage controls? No. Would he intervene in the dock and rail strikes? No: "For the White House to indicate publicly that we are going to do this and that generally has the effect of telling the parties to do nothing."

On most domestic questions, the President has not been so decisive. He has been thoughtful, conciliatory, reasonable. He does not demand; he suggests. He knows that he can only propose; he cannot dispose. So he will recommend that the surtax be continued, but only for so long, for so much. He would like to see postal patronage ended, but he does not ask this at once. He will spray Lyndon Johnson's ABM with a semantic Right-guard; it comes out, sweet-smelling, as Safeguard. The Job Corps is not to be sawed down and hauled off to the dump; it is merely to be pruned and clipped. Headstart will not be extinguished; only dimmed. The food stamp program is up, down and sideways all at once. Cities are to be rebuilt, but only one floor at a time. In all this, there is nothing dramatic, nothing spectacular, nothing to blaze in flashing neon, no gleaming concrete to put a Grauman's foot in.

And perhaps this is not so bad. Carlyle, again, is authority for the proposition that the happiest hours of mankind are inscribed on the blank pages of history. Nixon is not proposing blank pages only; but he is proposing a time for long breaths, a time for reflection, a time for falling back and taking the long look. The country could use such a time.

The President is trying. God knows he is trying. On the back side of his report card, reserved for conduct and attitude, he is straight As all the way. In one span of 48 hours, the President appointed task forces, study committees and reviewing panels to bring him reports on: clean elections, redistricting, voting rights, reforms in the Internal Revenue Service, a possible labor court, air traffic control, unemployment, construction costs, one-bank holding companies, occupational safety, organized crime, tariff policies, government statistics, foreign investments, federal correctional institutions, water pollution, problems of the aging, family planning, narcotics control, malnutrition, oil taxation, and the supersonic transport plane. The last was the first. His SST committee reported glumly on March 28 that it had met but reached no consensus: "Some of the members were in favor of going ahead; some were not; and some wanted to proceed in a more leisurely fashion." Perhaps the other committees will do better.

Let us hope so, for the President is studying *everything*—a volunteer army, electoral reform, disarmament, Southern Africa, desegregation guidelines, interest rates, postal charges, science grants, sugar subsidies, Medicaid, tax incentives, depreciation schedules, Mexican-American relations, agricultural reforms, telecommunications, reductions in the space budget—name it, a committee is on it. The President has at least a hundred panels, boards, committees and commissions hard at work. One day they will all report, and one-two-three, their recommendations will vanish into the computerized mind of Richard Nixon. Then, thump-thump-thump, the printout will begin.

It is an agreeable exercise, but a vain one, for the press to grade the President's performance. His first real reporting period will end with the congressional elections of November, 1970. If the people give his Republicans thirty seats in the House and eight in the Senate, it will not matter what we reporters put on his card. The voters will have made him head of the class. □

Valedictory

Goodbye, St. George, the dragon-killer!
Ta-Ta, St. Claus, the stocking-filler!
Good luck to you, St. Barbara—
What happened to Cecilia?
  We had to keep her on the list
  Because we need an organist.

You Roman Martyrs, farewell-hail!
Good breezes, Vitus, to your sail!
We'll miss the Popes, the 23—
What happened to St. Cecily?
  She has to play the organ, dear,
  Until E. Power Biggs gets here.

O friend of lovers, Valentine,
The world is dark without your shine!
Hand in your medal, Christopher—
Cecilia, what became of her?
  For a musician here, you see,
  There's always job security.

—Karl E. Dietrich

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ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

FRANCE WITHOUT DE GAULLE

LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT

The guessing game about de Gaulle's "suicide" continues. No doubt de Gaulle envisaged the possibility—if not the likelihood—of defeat. Fortunately it occurred when a man of his own choice, a leading figure in his party, could succeed him; at a time, also, when the Communist Party unjustly bears part of the onus for the Red May of 1968, and bears justly the onus of the Russian occupation of Czechoslovakia; at a time, moreover, when a large sector of the French population dreads a return to anarchy, and the election of a man from the moderate Right to the presidency could safely be expected. Had de Gaulle waited for the end of his second term, conditions might have been much less favorable. One thing is absolutely certain: there was no compelling reason for de Gaulle to connect his future as President either to the referendum on regionalization of France (i.e., a revival of the old provinces) or the downgrading of the Senate.

A lot of energy was expended on getting a "oui" vote. First of all, every French citizen received a printed brochure informing him of the nature of the envisaged changes. This amazing document consisted of fifteen pages in the most subtle legal language, and it is my guess that not more than 5 per cent of the voters looked into it, not more than one-half of one per cent read it, and not five in ten thousand really understood it. The man in the street was asked to make a decision about a matter he could not possibly comprehend. In some cases certain sentimental feelings governed the decision, as shown by the surprisingly large number of no-votes in Nancy because Metz and not Nancy had been selected as the future capital of the Lorraine region. (This the citizens learned through the newspapers, not from the brochure.) But, such things aside, the average Frenchman did not really vote on regionalism and the Senate, but on de Gaulle. And here, with a slight majority, the vote was no.

There can be no doubt also that the refusal of Giscard d'Estaing—leader of the Independent Republicans and a frequent supporter of de Gaulle—to stump for the referendum played an important part, and that the typical rancor of the extreme Right—led by Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancourt—settled the matter. This small group could have swung the balance—and it did. French right-wingers always were in favor of reviving the old provinces in one form or another, but fulfillment of this dream was nothing in comparison to a chance to square old accounts with de Gaulle. And they took it. On the other hand, d'Estaing, a very able man who has now promised his support to Pompidou, had been slighted by de Gaulle who passed over him to make Couve de Murville Prime Minister. (If Pompidou is elected, as is possible, Giscard d'Estaing, a highly educated, youngish man, may become Prime Minister or be given some other key position in the cabinet.) Since the Marxist Left would obviously vote no, de Gaulle's defeat was in large measure the work of the Right.

Pompidou may get the necessary support from the Right in the presidential election, if not in the first at least in the second round. Though he is de Gaulle's man, his name is not intimately connected with the surrender of Algeria, the plight of the *pieds-noirs*, the jailing of General Raoul Salan, the Pétain trial and so forth. His most serious opposition comes from interim President Alain Poher, who is also a man of the moderate center-to-Right. If the Left joins ranks behind Poher it is conceivable that he could beat Pompidou in the second turn.

Pompidou does not have de Gaulle's charisma. Still, he appeals to the average Frenchman because he is an *homme d'affaires*, a banker who worked for Rothschild and, at the same time, a lyric poet.

Pompidou is a manager type *sans mystique* and he would do a good job. Of course his election, though most likely, is not certain. The Left will be utterly divided in the first round, but one never knows what results French *rancune* can produce. (De Gaulle himself, after all, was strongly motivated by it and this was why he fell short of real greatness.) If a leftist President emerges almost anything could happen: first in the economic domain, second in labor relations, third in the restless university world. In fact, de Gaulle probably did not entirely exclude such a development. He might even return to the scene, not as a kingpin, but rather as a wire-puller, an *éminence grise*. Still, the curious, almost male-female relationship between leader and masses which de Gaulle outlined in his *Le fil de l'épée* (1932) again (probably in his case for the last time) played its role in the referendum. In this well-known book de Gaulle insists repeatedly that a leader (*un chef*) must make himself difficult, must create situations in which he becomes desperately needed, must never run after the masses and certainly must not follow the principle expressed by Ledru-Rollin: "I am the leader of the people, therefore I must follow it."

De Gaulle is a most contradictory and unique person: nobleman, intellectual, warrior and statesman of the amazing pre-1900 vintage which, with the fuller realization of democracy, has died out in Europe. Demanding a democratic "legitimacy" through plebiscites, he has come to power, each time, by non-democratic means. In this respect he followed the Bonapartist traditions. He fathered both the Fourth *and* the Fifth Republics. But can the constitution he designed survive with Pompidou or another non-*chef* at the helm? □

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REPORT FROM CCNY

Subway College Strife

GEOFFREY WAGNER

THE CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK spring *putsch* started off as pure Evelyn Waugh. The spectacle of a Lincolnesque president who had "resigned" (was it for the third, or fourth, time in his fighting career?) engaged in "negotiating" with a self-declared nonentity calling itself "the black and Puerto Rican student community," playing on his recalcitrant faculty—as one eminent professor nicely put it—"like a harp," and then being served with a number of writs to reopen, one handled by Mario Procaccino, this was nice Ninian high comedy indeed. The only trouble was that about 28,000 other students, mostly Jewish, happened to be on the dirtier end of the stick, or *schtick*. As events showed.

From the start Gallagher evidently gloried in having his presidential face rubbed in the dirt, a task effected throughout the academic year by *Observation Post*, one of the college's less legible (and pro-SDS) slander sheets, indirectly funded by the taxpayers, of course, and peppering its daily dish of libel with—wow!—the spice of obscenity. Last term *OP* did its Byronic best to rally the students to support of an Army deserter, induced to take "sanctuary" within the college's bleak Finley Ballroom. But other balls were taking place and the main mass remained unmoved by this confectioned *casus belli*, even when cops hauled the youth off campus and Dean of Students Jim Peace (*sic*) was undemocratic enough to prefer charges against the handful of little Hitlers who had vandalized his premises and intimidated his secretary (terrorization of the secretariat has become no mean weapon in campus riots: the modern university can hardly operate without these good ladies, many of whom are, in our case, black). The yawning match that SDS "rallies" were provoking could scarcely be allowed to continue. A local sobriquet for the SDS was "the toads."

So one rainy April Tuesday CCNY's South Campus, once a convent (so far Waugh would not have had to alter a word of the script), was boldly closed. By whom? By *Black Mischief*, of course, armed with stout chains. To at least one eye, that bedraggled bunch, waving their home-made Vietcong flags and chanting "Pow-err to the Pee-pul," looked like a belated blackface comedy act of (mostly) high school kids, backed by the customery tense SEEK teachers. One could almost see the greasepaint streaming down their faces, as one searched in vain for a Puerto Rican.

For some ten minutes a platoon of bored police stared back at them disbelievingly, and then mooched off: Gallagher had decided not to be Hayakawa. In fact, the man who had gone so courageously after Communists in the McCarthy era was to say that rather than call the cops "I would submit to the rule of law by going to jail." *Quod erat* something or other.

After nearly two weeks' occupation the Board of Higher Education, acting

under popular pressure, ordered the institution reopened and, with a restraining order signed by a State Supreme Court Justice on the way, the rebels fled. Their incumbency had been marked by a movement of the North Campus Engineering School to resume classes (aborted by Gallagher), an ignored UCRA faculty ballot to reopen, and the usual pathetic antics of SDS toads crawling to get in on the act by "seizing" a very sizable small brick building and renaming it after some black hero obscure to me, whose chief claim to fame seems to be that he had killed a policeman. Once more, as at Columbia, the SDS were first to run, their coats drawn over their faces.

So the taxpayers got the college open on Tuesday May 6. Wednesday was the worst day. The usual troop of toad clowns invaded my morning classes, were made intellectual mincemeat of by their peers in a question period, and escaped in disorder. Seeing that the discredited SDS was getting nowhere, the hard core got busy with rocks and chairs through windows. Back in my office some polite Negro apprentices were installing the now customary mattresses. Outside, counterprotests started. The best of us bloodied some noses but it was not fair fighting. Brave black boys were clubbing girls. At least three girls in my own classes suffered so; it reminded me that in the England of my youth an assault of this kind on a defenseless female minor might be punished by eight strokes (called "screamers") of the cat. Oddly enough, no offender was ever known to come back for more.

ON THURSDAY the cops were called and a building nearly burnt down. There were more brawls, head-openings, fires, slashings of car tires, ripping of student paintings and some inexplicable stealing of our unspeakable cafeteria food. This time arrests were made and included the anticipated quorum of local lads whose sole connection with the college seemed to be the possession of a molotov cocktail. By Friday Gallagher had had enough. Having resigned six (or was it seven?) times by now, he resigned. A Bio professor, Joseph Copeland, was appointed Interim President. Deprived of the local "goon squads," the rebels showed a significant reluctance to resume negotiations.

What, then, were the issues, if such a term can be used to dignify attempts to muzzle Negro aspiration by imposing compulsory black studies programs? The requests, by which of course I mean the "demands," were five and probably entirely acceptable to most of us, who would have voted to give every

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black a degree at birth and get on with education, by the end of some of those endless meetings. The trouble was that the demands weren't written in English. Secondly, it was by no means certain whom we were dealing with: our faculty elected three spokesmen but the other side seemed to have a distinctly fluid bunch of "representatives," the most constant of whom appeared to be some SEEK teachers, not students at all, men and women who had seen Rocky's budget axe fall in Albany, and knew they'd soon be out of a job. *Quis custodiet custodes?*

PERHAPS no one was quarreling with being forced to learn Spanish because a minority group might not want to learn English, but what on earth, professor after professor wondered, did "the black and Puerto Rican student community" really mean? The two terms aren't cognates. Were we being called upon to define ethnic content, measure up blood percentages? This was surely what the Southern states had been blackjacked from doing, not to speak of Hitler a little earlier. What of a Hawaiian Hottentot? A Filipino albino? Or that charming Chinese Trinidadian I had some years ago, who emigrated to Brazil and there became an ardent Zionist, and who could speak Portuguese and Hebrew but, alas, no Swahili. Presumbaly the size of his feet or the hue of his hair would be the diacritica for his worthiness for higher education in the great decade to come.

So the situation grew respectably rococo. No one was kidding a Jewish professoriat who had seen their own relatives go into the gas chambers, and cement mixers, in this lifetime. Gallagher's guilt was not our own (least of all that of the Waugh-like Brandeis sociology professor who has called for "a self-imposed and large-scale penance" for all universities, involving reimbursement of students for "miseducation"); as one engineering student put it through a bullhorn, "I'm responsible for what I've done in this lifetime, not the last." Apart from a group of very junior faculty, largely part-time and/or fired already, most of whom voted as might be expected of such free-thinking and far-sighted liberals, we knew that "negotiation" was proceeding at pistol-point and that only the dumbest calves select their butchers. Gallagher's initial rejoinder that we were avoiding violence (hah!) looked like the neighbor saying, "I had a real nice stickup today; he took everything I had, but he wasn't violent."

The stickup was in the "Open Admissions" demand. Our faculty simply wondered about a taxpaying proletariat of whose skin pigmentation everyone was totally ignorant suddenly having all the rules changed on them for the benefit of a self-elected elite. Admission to the city colleges of this country, not only of New York, is by excellence of academic achievement in the high schools. The absorbable amount is attached to a cut-off point in a common examination. The SEEK program attempts to bypass this procedure and substitute other criteria. Even now, City has 24 per cent of its freshman class of two thousand "black"—though the figure is probably larger since you may not compel disclosure of skin color on even a student. Nor has the taxpayer yet decided, through his representatives, that he wishes his city universities turned into community colleges (what is Hunter doing about Unilever and the Racquet and Tennis Club?)

The situation, with the college currently opening and shutting like some spastic rattrap, has been most salutary. A certain clearing of the air is felt, and a real sodidarity with one's students, if not with the imported, and doubtless SEEK-sought, Harlem thuggery. Since everyone has by now been called a racist, including Bayard Rustin and Kenneth Clark (both permanently pessimistic about the beauty of black studies), the term becomes useless as an insult and turns into something closer to "thinker." Secondly, it is even more generally apparent that the taxpayer must decide whether he wants his municipal universities to be centers of education or social service bureaus.

But, most of all, the City College experience was encouraging, with that of Queens', as a first demonstration of massive student opposition to the toads. Unfortunately, this may be too late. Mr. Big is already moving in and, prodded by the President, Attorney General Mitchell well may declare organizations like SDS and RESIST (which many of our professors joined although aiding a deserter is an indictable offense) officially subversive. In which case we shall see a replica of the Commie-chasing of the Thirties and Forties. It will be another tragedy of the American Left, but this time they asked for it. Right in the teeth. □

"Dean Schoen-René, we represent the Parents Power group. We're occupying your office until order is restored to this campus."

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FRANK S. MEYER

THE REVOLUTION EATS ITS PARENTS

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

Quite justifiably, much of the opposition to developing student anarchy has stressed the danger student violence poses to academic freedom. It is with no intention of minimizing the significance of this analysis that I pose what seems to be an even greater danger arising from the present calamitous situation of our universities—the terror, ideological, professional, and sometimes even physical, that is being directed against champions of Western civilization and its values.

Examples can be found from all over—physical, for example, at UCLA and San Francisco State; professional, most recently at the New York City colleges; ideological, everywhere. But perhaps the most significant single event is an aspect of the widespread terror at Cornell, of which I had not heard until I read of it in two recent columns of Messrs. Evans and Novak: "The watershed event [at Cornell] came in the spring of 1968 when three Negro students, infuriated by an economics professor's classroom contentions about the superiority of Western civilization, seized the offices of the economics department and held the department chairman prisoner." Not only did the administration press no charges against the students, but "Dean Stuart M. Brown Jr. condoned their protests and condemned the professor's claims of superiority for Western civilization as 'a special and specially obvious case of the racism which black people find throughout the entire white community.'"

Further, Evans and Novak write: "In an interview . . . Perkins [President of Cornell] described to us a conflict between 'social justice' and 'academic freedom,' adding that he was a 'mugwump,' straddling the two positions. However, Perkins continued, he had told faculty members they 'could not use the cloak of academic freedom' to cover up statements which might anger black students."

There it is in cold print, unbelievable though it would have been a few short years ago: in one of the great institutions of learning of the Western world, championship of the West is proscribed. And, make no mistake about it, such violence to the *lares et penates* of the West is offered as readily by the white radicals of the SDS as by the Panther-like black militants of the campuses. Whether it is in the name of an anti-civilizational Bakuninite nihilism or an anti-civilizational cult of barbarian "soul," it is against the very foundations of Western civilization—not against the "structure" of the universities or the Vietnam war or "racism" or "militarism"—that the student revolutionary movement is directed.

This is the issue in starkest relief. It is complicated, however, by the fact that the first and direct target of the revolutionaries is the generally liberal-oriented faculty and administration of the universities, whose liberalism, by its espousal of a relativist attack on all standards, prepared the way for the revolution which is now intent on eating its parents.

With smug assurance of the essential solidity of the very civilization they were attacking, two or three generations of liberal intellectuals—philosophers, anthropologists, sociologists, the whole lot—assiduously developed the doctrine that all values, all beliefs, all institutions, are relative to the eye of the beholder. Hence, between, say, the cosmic totalism of Egyptian or Hindu civilization and Hellas' vision of reason or the West's Incarnation-inspired vision of the supremacy of the person, there could be no standard for differentiation, no standard of normative superiority. Indeed, it is not only as between great civilizations that this relativism refuses to recognize any possible basis of normative choice; it concedes no such possibility of superordination between the high civilization of world history and the narrow, suppressed expressions of the human spirit in the barbarous cultures of Polynesia, Africa or the pre-Columbian Great Plains.

From this relativist prolegomena to the black student who curses at his teachers because he is taught Bach rather than "soul," or to the SDSer who spits on the Western tradition to shriek for "relevance," is, as history goes, a very short step indeed. Conceivably, as some of the *philosophes* drew back from their ideology of destruction when the fury of the Terror revealed to them the horror towards which they had been moving, even so enough of our intellectuals may yet be shocked into sanity by the anarchy for which they have prepared the way—and, hopefully, this time before it is too late for them to assist in changing the course of events.

THIS IS THE HOPE, and there are some positive signs developing. Sidney Hook's mobilization of faculty resistance to anarchy these past months is exemplary. And, more tentatively, Robert Brustein's recent article in the *New Republic*, condemning student nihilism, is perhaps a straw in the wind. It is devoutly to be desired that such a development gathers strength, because a sober and conservative solution to our present troubles requires that the anger of solid sections of American society, outside the intellectual world, meet with support from within it. The inevitable suppression of a movement so hostile to our civilization as the radical student movement today is likely otherwise to take place under circumstances which themselves would be hurtful to the free order of our society. In the broad citizenry there is an instinct defensive of Western civilization; men will not stand by to see it destroyed. If, within the intellectual community, they do not find allies in sufficient number, their defense of our civilization may, in deserved fury against the whole intellectual community, wreak painful and unnecessary havoc. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

DIVERSITY IN SCHOOLING

FROM THE ACADEMY

Despite a strong public demand, from many quarters, for measures intended to save private schools, offer special types of education, and restore autonomy to local schools, other pressures continue to push the lower and higher learning in America toward standardized mediocrity. These latter forces operate both upon public institutions and upon private foundations.

Consider the case of College High School, connected with Montclair State College, in New Jersey. Since 1927, this school has been staffed by members of the College faculty. But since 1964, state educational authorities have been attempting to close College High—and all other schools in New Jersey of its type.

As a friend of College High writes, "We have a unique institution, the demonstration high school," through which "selected students representing a cross-section of the community are taught by college professors, examples of how good teaching should be done. . . . The school is populated by students who wish to learn and by teachers who wish to teach. . . . It has aided in the professional education of thousands of certified teachers as well as college-bound high school students. . . . Ten times as many students apply as are accepted every semester."

Nevertheless, the Montclair College board of trustees makes ready to close College High. No state support for this high school has been obtained, and no part of the funds available for special schools has been assigned to College High. Though the school's "plant" is old, its standards are high, and it is strongly supported by students, alumni and apparently the great majority of professors at Montclair.

Money for "special schools" is spent mainly upon the "disadvantaged," "culturally deprived" and the like, in New Jersey and elsewhere. We talk windily about "education for excellence"; but, as Dr. Daniel Boostin puts it, most of our appeals for excellence themselves are mediocre; and we expend upon the (often) ineducable the resources that might be employed to better our promising talents.

Private and church-connected schools and colleges have even more complex problems. A professor at a Catholic college in Connecticut writes that his institution is threatened "with merger by the planners, with secularization by the Regents, and around the fringes by the New Theology." Indeed, members of the faculty of such a foundation can be their own worst enemies. According to this correspondent, the demand of one element of the college's faculty for collective bargaining with the administration may destroy academic community:

"This proposed organization would establish a Teacher Power—anxious, of course, to exert its muscle. Do not confuse this new sort of power with our proper power as individual teachers to aid the intellectual formation of our students. That is already ours. Now, in addition, we are invited to assert an organized, collective force of quasi-administrative nature. The influence of the faculty on this college, hitherto moral, personal and intellectual, will become subtly coercive. . . .

"It has already been hinted (and indeed here we shall be following standard procedure) that a faculty-student coalition will be formed. Perhaps only the younger faculty and the students, a coalition against the administration, perhaps together with the older faculty. Nothing is more essential to the success of the revolution than the alienation of the gullible and inexperienced young from the authority and wisdom of their elders. This is done mostly by flattery. The strategy here is to 'polarize' the college in order to bring down the administration."

Thus the discontents and ideological proclivities of Behemoth State University are communicated to small church-related colleges which, until very recently, resisted the grim tendencies of our time and hung together on old principles of dedication and academic community.

In nearly every state of the Union, Catholic schools are closing their doors, in part because there no longer are enough nuns, priests or brothers to teach the classes, and because the parochial schools cannot afford to employ enough lay teachers. In some dioceses, this tendency has been accelerated by panic. Father Andrew Greeley suggests that relief—in the form of federal and state subsidies, or tax-relief—may not be far distant, actually; but meanwhile, the last Catholic school may have given up the ghost, in an unjustified despair.

IN A MANFUL EFFORT to save parochial and private schools from the consequences of inflation, heavy taxation of parents, and decline of religious vocations, organizations (often leagues of Catholics, Lutherans, Christian Reformed, Episcopalians and orthodox Jews) have sprung up in a score of states. They advocate a variety of measures: vouchers issued by municipal or state authorities to defray part of the cost of private schooling; tax credits; tax relief; state subsidizing of teachers' salaries in private schools; state grants to the parents of children in such schools.

Though these groups are bitterly opposed by the public school lobby, from the NEA through the PTA in most cities and states, nevertheless their prospects are fair just now in several states, particularly Michigan and Connecticut. Pennsylvania's system of state aid to private schools, adopted by the legislature last year, may be emulated here and there.

Diversity is better than uniformity. As Phyllis McGinley reminds us, even God is said to be three separate Persons. □

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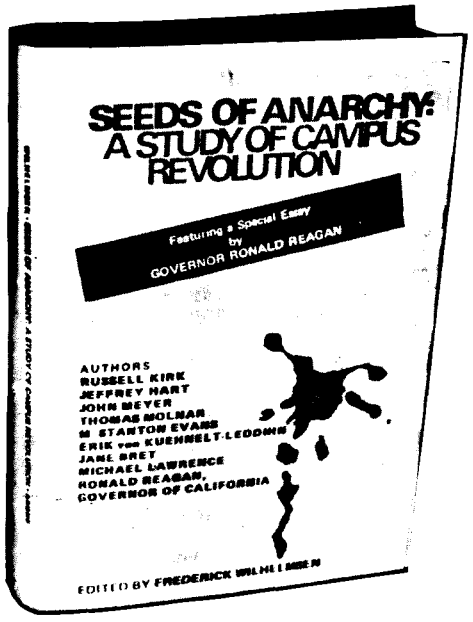

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The Old Magician's Last Bow?

The Image Men
By J. B. Priestley
Atlantic/Little, Brown, $8.95

JOHN BRAINE

For two years I had an office in Bradford scarcely ten minutes away from Mr. J. B. Priestley's home. The developer hasn't got round to that part of Bradford yet; the solid stone buildings which I saw around me were the same buildings which were part of the landscape of Mr. Priestley's youth. The novel I was working on then was giving me more than usual difficulty; I had at last to reveal something of myself and all my instincts argued against it. What kept me going, what enabled me to finish the novel, was the knowledge that a few hundred yards away another writer had begun his apprenticeship.

This is one of the reasons why I can never be entirely objective about Mr. Priestley. Even though I can't pretend that I always agree with him or that I've enjoyed absolutely everything that he's written, he's part of my life, one of the family, so to speak. Over and above all this, he's a magician; out of his hat for over fifty years now there have been produced other worlds, even glimpses of eternity. His great gift has always been a solid credibility; his rabbits may, so to speak, be cooked and eaten.

All this is relevant, since the subject of "London End," the second section of *The Image Men* is, very specifically, illusion. Professor Cosmo Saltana and Dr. Owen Tuby, founders of the Institute of Social Imagistics, have now left the University of Brockshire and set up shop—if that's not too vulgar a phrase—in London. In one sense the Institute of Social Imagistics is a gigantic hoax. It has been created on the spur of the moment when in the first section, "Out of Town," Saltana and Tuby, on their beam-ends in a London hotel, meet a rich widow, Mrs. Elfreda Drake. As they discover from a surreptitious glance at her papers, she's been left in charge of the Judson Drake Sociological Foundation. And very obviously she's not happy about it.

Instantly they decide that they are sociologists and over dinner—smoked salmon, saddle of lamb and claret chosen from "chateaux that up to now had been closed to them"—graciously consent to help Mrs. Drake to put the half-million-dollar Foundation into operation.

We are in first gear, the story is moving smoothly off. And here we come to my own technical discovery. A plot is an artificial arrangement, but the characters and events of a novel must convince us of their reality. It's rather like the problem of representing the world on a flat surface; somewhere there must be distortion. This distortion in the novel I have termed the Point of Improbability.

MR. PRIESTLEY'S comes very early. Saltana is "a graduate of London University" and "has for many years taught philosophy in various universities in Central and South America." He is "tallish and thin . . . an odd and rather frightening man. . . ." He is instantly attractive to women. Tuby has an "honors degree at Cambridge, doctorate later in India. Taught English language and literature for many years in India, Malaya, Hong Kong. . . ." He is "short and chubby" but he has a voice which is "just honey in sound."

Is it likely that two such men—impeccably qualified, academically experienced, and thoroughly smooth operators—would in middle age find themselves flat broke in a London hotel? Isn't it more likely that they'd be Vice Chancellors of some new university or even have found themselves niches in a nationalized corporation, ITV or UNESCO?

But once the reader has allowed himself to suspend disbelief, everything else follows with unerring logic. This is half the pleasure of Mr. Priestley's novels; there are no loose ends, no diffuseness, nothing we could do well without. This can't be said of many other novels today, when even spy stories seem to end in a tangle of non sequiturs.

The other half of the pleasure is that Mr. Priestley doesn't skimp his descriptions, that we're told what his characters look like, what they wear, what they eat and drink, and that the landscapes and buildings—interior and exterior—aren't merely sketched in, backcloths slammed into place. (It's worth commenting here that if a writer can't see clearly what sort of a room his characters are in, then neither can he see clearly what they're doing in it.)

"London End" begins at the stage where the Institute of Social Imagistics has left the University of Brockshire for an office in Half Moon Street complete with a fake computer winking impressively with colored lights and a receptionist with "large and really quite beautiful eyes, burnt sienna flecked with copper." But so far there are no clients to be impressed by the computer or to lose themselves in the receptionist's burnt sienna eyes. And Saltana, the Director, has actually been turning business away, much to the disgust of Tuby, the Deputy Director.

Tuby is living in lodgings at Belsize Park and his landlady's attentions are becoming rather too pressing. He has "to use the Underground twice a day . . . and half the week I'm eating horrible food. . . . That wouldn't matter so much . . . if I could afford to buy enough whisky to make it all a bit hazy. But just when I need to drink steadily, I

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find it's costing too much. . . ." Saltana, who more and more seems to Tuby to be "big business talking" explains that he's refused to consider the enquiries they've had so far "because they didn't seem good enough. . . . We'd have been in on the wrong level. They'd have damaged our image. . . ."

TUBY ACCEPTS THIS, though a little mutinously, and then the breakthrough of the Institute begins. A neurotic comedian, a film star, a new magazine, a textile company, an M.P., an evangelical society, a cereal company, all come to the Institute to find an image or to have their old one changed.

Absorbing a great deal of rich food and strong drink and making love to a select few of the women who fall for them on the way, Saltana and Tuby succeed so completely that the Institute becomes the object of an American takeover bid, the final reward of success in British business. It's never to me seemed fair to give away a book's ending; it's enough to say that both get everything that they want and that there's no nonsense about it not making them happy.

It has occurred to me that once past forty, most men have the choice of either eating and drinking very well or imprinting on their womenfolk the lineaments of satisfied desire. Whisky and sex in particular don't go well together. And the concept of the image in public relations isn't exactly glossy new. But this is to criticize a novel Mr. Priestley didn't set out to write.

The Image Men is a romp, an excursion into jollity, an unashamed piece of escapism. It's the kind of entertainment which I for one relish more and more, and I hope that Mr. Priestley wasn't serious when he said it would be his last novel. For I'm sure there are plenty more rabbits in the old magician's hat. □

The Vanishing Right to Live
By Charles E. Rice
Doubleday, $4.95

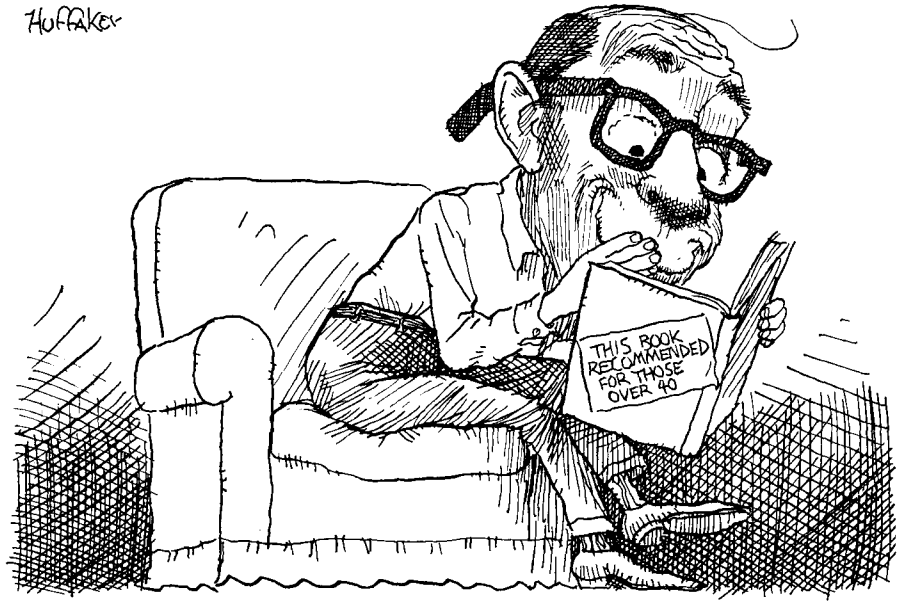
THE BOUNDS OF PUBLIC MORALITY

WILL HERBERG

This book has me really perplexed. I agree basically, and am indeed quite sympathetic with the author's moral stance; yet I find myself frequently bridling at his premises, at his mode of argumentation, and at many of his conclusions. And I am therefore impelled to look beyond his views on this or that matter to what underlies all his considerations.

Professor Rice's basic thesis seems to be that our modern Western culture is afflicted with a creeping erosion of our sense of personal responsibility and our fundamental "reverence for life." After a statement of "The Problem," he examines, systematically and with great conviction, the areas of artificial insemination, abortion, euthanasia, suicide, capital punishment, contraception, sterilization and homosexuality; and he concludes with a restatement of his thesis in a brief discussion of "The Future."

He condemns, and urges or supports legal sanctions against, artificial insemination, abortion and euthanasia; he sees the futility of such sanctions against suicides, but not against those who aid and abet the suicide; he gives limited support to capital punishment; contraception is to be condemned, but contraceptive practices between married couples are held to be beyond the limits of the law because of the inviolable privacy of such acts; sterilization, on the other hand, whether voluntary or involuntary, is vehemently denounced, morally and legally; finally, in regard to homosexuality, the well-known recommendations of the Wolfenden Report, calling for the lifting of legal bans against homosexual practices committed in private by consenting adults, are sternly rejected and the retention of the penal laws strongly urged. I agree with many, though surely not with all, of these positions, and yet I cannot go along with the book as a whole. Why?



I FIND MYSELF in disagreement with the main thesis. Professor Rice grounds his position on all of the above-mentioned matters on the contention that all the practices condemned violate the over-all principle of the "sanctity of life." But I cannot acknowledge, or even pretend to understand, such a vague, esoteric principle, whether it is called "sanctity of life" or "reverence for life" or something else. If these phrases mean anything at all, they mean something that can be intended seriously only by Oriental mystics (the Jainist *ahimsa*, for example), or by Westerners such as Albert Schweitzer, who seem to have adopted the Oriental-mystical way of looking at things.

Taking someone's life (without authority) is frobidden by divine and natural law ("Thou shalt not kill") and by positive law; but so is the taking of someone else's property ("Thou shalt not steal"), and by the same authority. In both cases, there are countless situations and exigencies in life which drastically qualify and relativize these injunctions; it is even conceivable that, in frontier communities, horse-stealing might have been a graver offense than killing another in fair fight (gun-duel). What remains of the absolute "reverence for life," except as a heart-warm-

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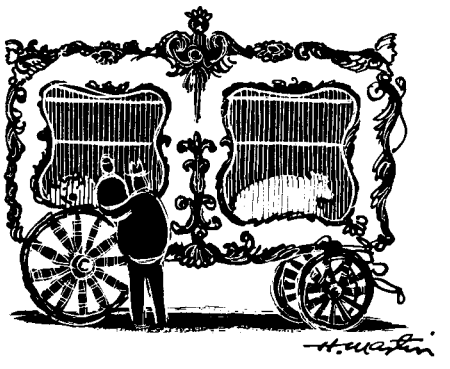
ing sentiment, perhaps, I do not know. Certainly, not enough to constitute an over-all principle by which to judge and condemn all those practices which Professor Rice passes in review in this book.

Professor Rice acknowledges the distinction between sin and crime. A morally reprehensible act, a vice or a sin, does not automatically become a crime, to be visited with legal sanctions. To fall under the law, the vice or sin must, first of all, be an overt act (words may well be overt acts, on occasion) and not an inward disposition. The vice or sin must, furthermore, constitute a grave and more or less direct peril to the public order. And, by no means least important, the legal ban must be, in principle, enforceable; that is, the attempts to enforce it must not, in their nature and under the historical circumstances, be such that they threaten greater difficulties and disturbances to the public order than the act itself.

Professor Rice takes due account of the first of these conditions, and some account of the second, but practically none at all of the third. Otherwise, he could not have come out in favor, for example, of retaining legal sanctions against homosexual practices in private between consenting adults. Homosexual practice is a grave and revolting vice; it is a grave and revolting sin (despite some modernist theologians); but to make it subject to legal action, under conditions of consent and privacy among adults, would entail the same difficulty of enforcement as a legal ban on contraception: you would have to place a policeman in every bedroom. The notion that legal bans should be established merely for symbolic effect is a mischievous one, in this area as in others. It is not true, as Professor Rice says, that for the law "to regard it [homosexuality] with indifference is to condone it." The law cannot ban ingratitude or lying (except in formal perjury, slander or specified misrepresentation); yet surely we do not condone lying and ingratitude. The power of the law, awful as it is, or should be, extends just so far; where it cannot reach, social sanctions—disapproval, condemnation, ostracism—must be relied upon: that is the only way a tolerable limited state can operate. Professor Rice's *Schwärmerei* over "reverence for life," and his disregard for some of the inherent limits of the law are what make it so hard for me to go along with the main line of his book.

And yet I agree with many of his positions—but on different grounds. In matters of morality, I would begin not with some abstract principle, but with the funded wisdom of our religio-ethical tradition which has enshrined certain moral values, though not their particular forms of enactment, as virtually invariant under all times, places and circumstances. In matters of law, I would place first the interests of the public order, and its cornerstone, the family—always remembering, however, the inherent limitations of legal sanctions. From this point of view, I would certainly favor the legal ban on abortion (except as a consequence of trying to save the life of the mother); on involuntary and even voluntary euthanasia (because of the near-impossibility of reliable consent); on sterilization, certainly compulsory sterilization; and I would not oppose, in principle, capital punishment in cases of treason, first-degree murder and (perhaps) kidnaping.

On the other hand, however, I cannot see how a case could be made out for outlawing homosexual practices among consenting adults in private (seduction or raping of minors is another matter, of course, as is homosexual violence in general). And, above all, I cannot see how one could justify any kind of ban on contraception. There is a strong, though I do not think altogether irrefutable, case against contraception under the natural law; but to try to condemn it under the rubric "reverence for life" ("The issue of contraception is basic to the problems of life and death discussed in this book. As a matter of fact, it is the most basic and determinative issue in the book.") passes my understanding. There is no



life, no living being, where there is merely spermatazoon and unfertilized ovum, any more than there is water where there is merely oxygen and hydrogen. And, if contraception indicates a lack of reverence for life (whatever that is), so does the rhythm method, so does sexual abstinence, so does even celibacy. Are these, too, to be placed under the ban on the mystic principle?

I am not advancing my views on these particular matters here for acceptance, but merely to illustrate how far I can, and cannot, go along with Profesor Rice in his judgments. Yet, despite my critical remarks, I think his book is a valuable one, and well deserves careful, though critical, reading. It is full of valuable information, contains a good deal of cogent argument, and is, above all, instinct with admirable moral passion. □

The Urban Guerrilla
By Martin Oppenheimer
Quadrangle Books, $5.50

Two, Three, Many More
By Nicholas Von Hoffman
Quadrangle Books, $5.95

THE NEW AUTHORITARIANS

GEOFFREY WAGNER

Martin Oppenheimer's sensible study of urban revolution is timely and enlightening. Too much sociology is marred by professional jargon and eventually vitiated by the crashingly obvious nature of its own conclusions. Oppenheimer writes fairly briskly, relegating to quotes current cant terms like "the routinization of charisma," "role-diffuse," "paragovernment" and the like, and if his findings simply authorize one's own suspicions, they are not expressed in cliché: "[Fanon] does not recognize that violence, when carried over into the post-independence period, itself creates forms of social life which undermine democracy."

The kernel of the book is that "violence and elitism fit together very nicely." Our contemporary apostles of action (the New Left) encourage the precedence of revolution over ideology. Revolution now. Thinking with the blood (note here D. H. Lawrence's flirtation with fascism). Some program will surely be catalyzed out of sheer action.

One of the resultant tragedies must be the intellectuals' frustration and

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apathy. It seems we never learn. Sorel, Mussolini, Turati, Marinetti and the Futurists—surely the cult of action was laughed off the boards of history decades ago. Fascism, wrote Wyndham Lewis over forty years ago, "is the habit of mind and conditions of war applied to peace." Oppenheimer documents this criminal cathection deftly. He shows how the excitable yappings of our present urban *guerrilleros* exactly match those of Hitler's Storm Troopers.

WHAT HE CLARIFIES, too, is more than mere contempt for popular support as prerequisite for action in the sickly ecstasy of our little Hitlers; there is the profound dissociation of personality involved for us all. When you act first, irrespective of consequence (revolution now), you are no more than a pathetic, yet potentially dangerous, political schizophrene, suffering from what the psychologists call "shallow affects."

Urban revolutions, Oppenheimer adduces, especially intensify this split. An idea-less, program-less elite comes off the street corner, chucks a few bricks through neighboring store windows, itself decides it is excluding the masses for their own sake, and receives shabby support from a fast-tottering Marcuse, not to mention a Fanon so fatuous only a deeply guilty or neurotic intelligentsia could ever bother to think twice about him at all (let alone enshrine him in the new Black Studies curricula): "We have, then, a strange alliance between humanistic politics and the worship of those less rational bases of politics which have traditionally been the source of support for . . . fascism."

The motorbike gang is so akin to the new paramilitary "politician" that the one can sit in for the other at will, and does. The "therapy" of violence frothed out by Fanon becomes the pathology of the Black Panthers, assuming racial extermination systems in this country cognate with those for the Jews in Hitler's Germany, and setting up terrorist cells to murder moderate civil rights leaders—"In short, it was not freedom of speech that brought the Nazis to power—it was freedom to perform illegal acts of subversion without significant punishment, and often with the tacit consent of a rightist police force."

Oppenheimer's prognosis of future urban uprisings in this country is not optimistic for black guerrilla warfare, though the comparisons between Cleaver and Hitler here are salutary. It is equally salutary to reflect that an admirer of Lenin, like Oppenheimer, can see such a gulf between the Russian revolution and that aspired to by our new urban imperialists, and our would-be Che Guevaras. Soon Marx will be a dirty word for the New Left. Indeed, it seems he already is. The trouble is that the contemporary city is a vulnerable social structure, and making it less so costs more than we can afford. Self-policing communities (like those of the Chinese) are few, while the mechanics for social change become ever more cumbersome and Kafkaesque. Oppenheimer concludes that "a revolution cannot be artificially induced." Unless there is popular support for urban insurrection, it is "doomed," and it is doomed to increase right-wing hostility in the process.

TWO SECTIONS in Oppenheimer's book are written as "scenarios" for possible political turns in the future—as fictional sociology, that is. Nicholas Von Hoffman's slickly written novel is sociological fiction of campus disruption, and in this area it must be confessed that fact has overtaken fiction. It was Jacques Barzun who remarked that our media do not bring events to people so much as people to events.

Von Hoffman represents all points of view on the current campus scene with considerable fidelity and skill ("students are the new niggers of our society," "you make radicals by committing radical acts," etc.), there are citations from the whole hagiology, Cleaver to Che, and André Gide himself might envy the artful way in which the book has been structured out of actual quotes, imaginary interviews, advertisements, letters to editors, telegrams, taped conversations, student graffiti, the like.

IT IS PROBABLY THE WAY to write a novel like this, a parody of a parody, as it were, with a character called Elias duplicating Mark Rudd, and Afro Day replete with Ashanti tribesmen, and a "liberated" women's john. But student life today is its own lampoon and before the print of this book is cold, its satire is re-satirized by actuality (cf. the "Open Admissions" lark), with the result that Von Hoffman tends to look like a quaint footnote to the verbally more pedestrian Oppenheimer. This is the reverse of the relationship between Zola and his sociologists (as Claude Tchou's magnificent edition of Zola is now showing).

In summary, these are two excellent books. Their authors are scarcely to blame if their reading makes us permanently pessimistic about black being beautiful or about the political wisdom of the romantic SDS. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ NEWS: Macmillan has bought, for $250,000, rights to the memoirs that Albert Speer composed in Spandau prison. Hitler's Minister of War Production sheds all sorts of light; the big (800 pages) book will be out in about a year. . . . Allen Drury's political *roman de fleuve* flows on and on: Numbers Five and Six, *Come Nineveh, Come Tyre* and *The Promise of Joy*, will be out in the early Seventies. Just now, Drury is at work on a novel about the space program, *The Throne of Saturn*, coming from Doubleday in 1971.

Pearl Buck's first novel about China in many years is *The Three Daughters of Madame Liang*, about the proprietress of a fine, old Shanghai restaurant, the Cultural Revolution and other inscrutable things (John Day, July, $6.95). . . . Having been an Elector, James A. Michener wants to get rid of the Electoral College; see *Presidential Lottery* (Random House, $5.95). . . . Carl Sandburg's fling at reporting, *The Chicago Race Riots* (also covers Detroit), was published by Harcourt, Brace in 1919—the firm's very first book. It's being reissued now, with the original introduction by Walter Lippmann and a new one by Ralph McGill.

■ SPORTS: Joseph Durso's *The Days of Mr. McGraw* is all about baseball in the days (1902-1934) when Muggsy McGraw managed the Giants (Prentice-Hall, $7.95). . . . Douglass Wallop (his real name) has written an exhaustive, trivia-laden book called *Baseball: An Informal History* (Norton, $5.95). . . . *Year of the Tiger*, by Jerry Green, is a look at Detroit victorious (Coward-McCann, $5.50). . . . *The Last Man Is Out* is Marvin Karlins' very funny novel about a computerized baseball team in the year 2002 (Prentice-Hall, $5.95). . . . A not-so-Golden Age is recalled in *The Long Count*, Mel Heimer's story of the prizefight frenzy of the 1920s (Atheneum, $6.95). . . . For golfers: Jack Nicklaus' *The Greatest Game of All: My Life in Golf* (Simon & Schuster, $7.50); and, more useful, *How To Keep Your Temper on the Golf Course*, by Tommy Bolt and W. C. Griffith (McKay, $3.95). . . . And for those who want to know what it all *means*, there is Paul Weiss' *Sport: A Philosophic Inquiry* (Southern Illinois, $7.95).

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VOL. 1, NO. 18

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The Newsletter that keeps you informed about the revolutionary struggle in America today

If you use the card facing this page to subscribe to **COMBAT** right now, you can get a **FREE** copy of "McCarthy and His Enemies." A book that *every* anti-Communist should own, "McCarthy and His Enemies" was Bill Buckley's second book – and very likely his most controversial. Co-authored by Brent Bozell (Bill's brother-in-law), it was written in 1954, when Joe McCarthy was very much alive and in the thick of the anti-Communist struggle. That is why it remains a unique historical document, unaffected by hindsight or subsequent events. It tells it like it was *then* – what people really thought, who said what to whom, and how it all happened. Many experts consider "McCarthy and His Enemies" the *only* fair book ever written about the *original* Senator McCarthy (the index alone is a goldmine of hard-to-remember people and facts). It has a wealth of background information about Communism in America – then and now – and, if anything, is more valuable (and readable) today than when first published. Take advantage of this offer to get your **FREE** copy of this big (425 pages, fully indexed) book *now*. You get a full year of **COMBAT** for no more than the regular $24 yearly rate, and we will send you a rare copy of "McCarthy and His Enemies" **FREE** and postpaid! (**COMBAT** is the new and exciting newsletter that keeps you informed about the revolutionary struggle in America today.) In addition, if you will enclose payment *now* with your order, we will add an *extra free month* to your **COMBAT** subscription – 13 months in all! Just use the handy card facing this page *today*. You'll be glad you did!

May 15, 1969

-SABOTAGE SUSPECTS IN SAN JUAN * EXPOSING FORMAN'S LINK TO WEALTHY
S * CP CONVENTION SQUELCHES DISSENT; NEW RED STARS RISE * NAZIS
ANTS FEAR NEW BATTLES * ALSO, GENE LYONS ON UNDERGROUND PRESS

ARRESTS IN CASTROITE BOMBING CASES: Puerto Rican police have
onnection with a years-long campaign of terror bombings aimed
centers. Arrested were Narciso Rabell Martinez, exposed by
committee as a Communist with ties both to Cuba and
and a group of university students. More arrests are
ipped business houses in the fashionable Condado Beach
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p, and is now reported a leader of
Socialist Workers Party). Communist
lumnist Jesus Colon, for instance, re-
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"another crime against the patriotic
h American imperialist interests." Pre-
bombings appeared Jan. 1 and Feb. 15, 1969.

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FICTION

I Want It Now
By Kingsley Amis
Harcourt, $5.75

Pictures of Fidelman
By Bernard Malamud
Farrar, $5.95

Bullet Park
By John Cheever
Knopf, $5.95

ELEGANT BOTCHES

GUY DAVENPORT

Mr. Amis, Mr. Malamud and Mr. Cheever, all celebrated novelists, all gifted satirists, all masters of the ill-tempered phrase, have forgotten, as if blasted by amnesia, how to end a novel. Their genius intact, they commence with a grand whoop, and build with their old sureness, and then when the time comes to have done—the exhausted and happy sigh of the eighteenth-century novel, the glorious resolution of the nineteenth-century novel, the final ironic dissonance of the twentieth-century novel—they skitter, they drop the omelet into the stove, they crawdad, they flocculate. It is all very disappointing; even the most inept scribbler of fiction itches to write better endings and mail them to the novelists in time to make the second printing.

Mr. Amis's *I Want It Now* is about a yeasty TV interviewer who finds a challengingly enigmatic girl at a party and takes her home to bed. The experiment is inconclusive, as the girl is neither bright in the head nor warm. It is then discovered that she is the daughter of an American lady whose two husbands previous to her present viscount were millionaires, and the experiment is pursued without reference to her conversation or temperature. Mr. Amis is principally interested to display a great catch of the rich and their parasites. *Krokodil* itself has rarely done viler caricatures of Lord and Lady Moneybags oinking in their grease.

Lady Baldock, our heroine's mama, is one of Willem de Kooning's idiot women chained in diamonds, tanked-up on gall, and with fingers still flexed from clawing her way to the top. In brass and stinginess she is matched only by the Greek millionaire Vassilikós, manufacturer of antiquities. Mr. Amis delights in bearing down on the stinginess of the rich almost as much as on the awful strain of their wearisome moving about. He makes a yachting trip sound like a stint in a slave galley. Lady Baldock is a Virginian and keeps a plantation there, giving Mr. Amis the delicious opportunity to depict the bourbon-fattened *Herrenvolk* in their Confederate cummerbunds speaking that hominy-and-blackstrap brogue which at one point registers on English ears as "Ah, Apollo jars. Arcane standard, Hannah More. Armageddon pier staff." A more vulgar clutch of boors has rarely been paraded across the pages of a satiric novel. But once we have been reminded that largesse and fine manners no longer flow from the rich, and that man has outjackalled the jackal and outswined the pig, where's the novel? Well, our hero gets the hand of the heiress, once she's disinherited and booted out into the cold (sleet, specifically). That's it. True, Lady Baldock is told off, though scarcely given a comeuppance.

Satire is the very high road of moral indignation. With so much to pour boiling oil over, must we be satisfied with a thumbed nose? I suggest that Mr. Amis rewrite the novel this way: dash Lady Baldock and a choice selection of her entourage with a resounding catastrophe—a Russian submarine might nick her yacht, or a possum might bite her in Virginia—and then have the hero marry the nice fat girl he makes do with while chasing Lady Baldock's daughter. Daughter might plausibly fly to Hanoi and volunteer for the Vietcong. Lord Baldock might profitably become Vassilikós' English butler, and be coveted by the Niarchoi and Onassides.

Mr. Malamud has taken a character we've seen before in *Idiots First* and *The Magic Barrel*, the American painter Arthur Fidelman, and patched the stories about him into a novel. All of Mr. Malamud's famous solicitude goes out to this talentless painter and his trials. Fidelman goes to Italy to write a thesis on Giotto. His talent for writing is like his talent for painting, imaginary. He goes through all the motions: a cold apartment, starvation, mistresses, a disastrous picture which goes through years of inept painting, and finally the ultimate fling of counterfeit genius, the artless artist who drifts unimpeded by any example of his work, since there is none. His last venture is in earth sculpture, namely digging holes in the ground.

Fidelman's ups and downs are variously hilarious and pathetic, for Mr. Malamud is interested in the wear and tear on his soul rather than the trials of his ineptitude. Fidelman is too insubstantial to suffer simply by being Fidelman, so Mr. Malamud keeps him supplied with one nemesis after another. His cautious economy is dogged by an indigent refugee from Israel; his chastity goes to a petulant and frigid she painter; and what there is of his thin talent falls to the lot of forgers and a pimp. Fidelman drifts to Venice where he becomes the lover of both a wife and her husband. Having ridden the crest, he returns to the flatness of America whence he ventured in his innocence.

Mr. Malamud writes like an angel, and his imagination is alone in its sweet eccentricity and fine peculiarity. Fidelman is a character who elicits pity and even love; he is a stray dog whose vicissitudes have been too heroic in their comic way to be flicked away with an ironic gesture. Even Flaubert would have given him the dignity of ending as a professor of art at Smith. Mr. Malamud simply discards him. The comic imagination, it seems to me, is one of the few permanent forces we have against the rust of gratuitous disbelief which corrodes our every vision of mankind. I offer an alternate last sentence for readers who feel, as I do, that Fidelman deserves better than his creator offers him. "In America Fidelman became a celebrated Op Artist, and in his old age gave the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures at Harvard."

Mr. Cheever has done a strange thing in his new novel. He has taken the plot of Samuel Beckett's *Molloy* and transposed it to the mortgaged suburbs whose scotch-fuelled denizens he vies with John O'Hara to be the Zola of. Even stranger, he has reached into another Beckett work, the play *Endgame*, and lifted the conceit whereby one of his characters is named Hammer and another Nailles. Thus supplied with a hamper of borrowed stuff, he proceeds with verve to write what might have been a first-rate novel. In Nailles and his wife we have a rich American family that lives in a limbo of spiritual emptiness without suspecting the slightest deprivation. Their son does, however, and gives up; he takes to his bed. Doctors of body and soul cannot get him up. A Negro guru from across the tracks eventually routs him out, by the simple device of suggesting to the boy that life need not be the

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hideous cycle of commuting and drinking to which all activity around him seems doomed forever.

Mr. Cheever's account of life in suburbia makes one's soul ache. Here is human energy that once pushed plows and stormed the walls of Jerusalem and lifted Chartres to its pinnacles spent daily in getting up hung over, staggering drugged with tranquilizers to wait for a train to rattle one into Manhattan. There eight hours are given to the writing of advertisements about halitosis and mouthwash. Then the train back, a cocktail party, and drunk to bed. Every step one takes is on matter bought with money borrowed from a bank whose sole business is to collect the largest possible interest on the loan for the longest possible time. No wonder one's children get a good sniff of what it's all about sooner or later and take to their beds.

So far, so good. Once Mr. Cheever has told his story of Nailles, he turns to the Hammers (as Beckett, after the full measure of Molloy's misery, brings on the sinister Moran), both of whom have apparently been driven mad by life in America. From the Hammers arises an inexplicable force the aim of which is to crush Nailles. It is here that Mr. Cheever ought to have read his Beckett closer, or not borrowed plots from him in the first place. Beckett's *Molloy* makes sense, and lives in one's mind ever after. The same device in Mr. Cheever makes no sense at all; in fact, is embarrassingly awkward and aesthetically wrong. Beckett's Moran is a symbol of malevolence; meanness is his genius. Hammer is a man gone off his rocker, no more interesting than any other lunatic. The end of the novel is therefore false and shockingly inept.

If Cheever can write so well most of the time, what seizure of bad planning came over him that a novel so well begun deteriorates into pure hokum? I suggest that you read this novel only as far as the cat named Schwarz, on page 200. Up to that point it is a first-rate novel; afterwards, there is a failure of the imagination. The story does not go forward; it comes to pieces. If a new ending cannot be manufactured, then things would be better with the last 45 pages omitted. We would then know the story of Nailles, and the story of Hammer before he tries to fill the shoes of the inimitable Jacques Moran, and Hammer could then go off into the forest to find the wandering cat Schwarz, and get lost and stay lost. □

The Spirit of Chinese Politics, A Psychocultural Study of the Authority Crisis in Political Development
By Lucian W. Pye
M.I.T. Press, $2.95

THE POLITICAL FUTURE FOR CHINA

DAVID N. ROWE

The Chinese poet T'ao Ch'ien (365-427 A.D.) is quoted as saying that he liked reading but did not try very hard to understand what he read. Anyone who approaches Professor Pye's book in this spirit will not get much from it. Extreme care and vigilance are required to sift out, from much jargon, the insights it contains, and to distinguish carefully between the impressionistic and unsupported (perhaps unsupportable) generalizations, the multiple inconsistencies, the farcical errors and the numerous careful and systematic analyses of facts. The book is highly selective as to the evidence it presents, no doubt a necessity in view of the breadth of its subject. By noting the

trends and nature of its selectivity, the reader may judge for himself what motivates the author.

In his introduction, for example, he outlines his sources of information. After mentioning his childhood in China, he jumps directly to his research project on Malayan Chinese Communist guerrillas, leaving out everything between. During the interval he went to college in the United States, and was trained as a Chinese language officer in the Marines during World War II, in which capacity he served in North China after the Japanese surrender in 1945. Following demobilization he attended Yale, for a time under a scholarship provided by the Chinese Nationalist government for the study of Chinese language and culture, and took his Ph.D. in International Relations. His dissertation was on Chinese warlordism, a topic relevant to the subject of this book. But he does not refer to his dissertation.

He started out teaching sociology as well as politics, and his interest in the socio-political has never flagged since. In 1950 he returned to Yale where he was employed for a year on a government-sponsored research project on psychological warfare, contributing to *China: A Handbook for Psywar Operators*. He then began his research on Chinese Communist ex-guerrillas in Malaya. He mentions his time in Hong Kong in 1964, but he never mentions having visited Taiwan and in general shows ignorance of what has gone on there since 1949.

Professor Pye's book covers a vast subject, and no brief review can deal adequately with all of it. However, a few chief themes can be isolated, for example, those bearing on the future of our China policy.

First, as to the Republic of China now on Taiwan and recognized by the United States as the government of China, Professor Pye seldom refers to it at all and never once by its proper title. The total direct or indirect references to it, either on the mainland or on Taiwan, do not come to over forty, and of these about 58 per cent are unfavorable, only some 8 per cent favorable, and the remainder neutral. The general tenor of his attitude toward the Republic of China is clear from one quotation:

> For example, when the Nationalists retreated to Taiwan and gave up their earlier quest for modernization in their anxiety over the need to preserve the heritage of Chinese civilization, their move resulted in a stultification of life that has been common to all other overseas Chinese communities that have sought to do the same thing.

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This is simply untrue. The facts are that since 1949 under Nationalist control there has been developed in Taiwan more local self-government than any other Chinese province has ever had in all of Chinese history, and that the economic, social and cultural development in Taiwan is a model for the governments and peoples of the developing world. An article by Professor Karl Brandt, entitled "Economic Development: Lessons of Statecraft in Taiwan" (*Orbis*, Winter 1968), describes in brief form some of these developments; other such studies were available and presented the same sort of picture.

IN TRUTH, only in Taiwan and in territory under the Republic of China is China's modernization rapidly going forward; the leadership is intently seeking it and promoting it with every bit of outside knowledge, technique and participation available. Professor Pye's blindness to what has gone on under the Nationalists for the past twenty years, and his almost total absorption with the follies of Chinese Communism, have led him into an essential misunderstanding of the spirit of Chinese politics today. He simply neglects, for the most part, every component of the modern Chinese revolution except Communism. Hence his pessimism about modernization in China.

Right at the end of his book, he does say: "We can also observe that away from the mainland, the Chinese, responding to the realities of the modern industrial world, are capable of genuine change." But he does not say what he means by "the Chinese" "away from the mainland." Logically, this should include Taiwan. His failure to analyze the psychology and culture of these Chinese is a major defect in his book. The Chinese political mentality, largely as demonstrated under Communism, leads him to his very pessimistic view, and this in turn provides a "rational" justification for the failures of Chinese Communism, which can be seen as inevitable in view of the difficulties inherent in trying to deal with a large mass of politically intractable people.

It is no surprise that the author concludes that Chinese Communism is a failure, as he has clearly established with a mass of factual detail. In particular, his chapter on the commune system in Communist China is a most convincing picture of political, organizational, technical and economic failure under Chinese Communism, and he deserves full credit for this skillful and solid piece of analysis. But, says Professor Pye, this does not "mean the end of Chinese Communism," because, in spite of their disappointment with the

Chinese Communists, there is in the Chinese people "no desire to destroy authority itself." Perhaps, too, the Chinese people really understand that Maoist failure is the result of their own political characteristics?

But is the destruction of Chinese Communism, to which more and more Chinese everywhere are now devoting themselves, necessarily a revolt against authority itself? Not so, at all. This is a sample of the loose reasoning too often employed in this book.

The most Professor Pye will concede is that what he calls the remarkable stability of the Chinese leadership during "most of the years of Mao's reign. . . is not a reliable indicator of what may happen once he leaves the scene." One might well wonder what Jao Shu-shih, Liu Shao-chi, and the very many others of the top Communist leadership on the Chinese mainland think of the "remarkable stability" Professor Pye attributes to the Chinese leadership under Mao. And to hide behind the phrase "most of the years of Mao's reign" is entirely to disregard, for instance, the gross purges of the high-level intellectual leadership which have been a fluctuating but recurring feature of life under the Chinese Communists.

In the end, Professor Pye predicts, "Maoist Communism . . . will have to give way to a more Chinese form of Communism," and this would mean "an acceptance of more rightist programs within the general tradition of Communism." While still not admitting, in spite of its failures and its total inadequacies in solving China's problems, that Chinese Communism must come to an end, he argues that developments in China may "help to produce a more flexible and tolerant political culture." As he says: "The result could be that happy marriage of Confucian purposefulness and Taoist tolerance, of effectiveness and gentility, which for decades the friends of China have wanted to hold up as the cultural ideal of the Chinese." Is this what he means by the continued survival of Chinese Communism, but in a modified form? If so, is he not positing a contradiction in terms? Is not Chinese Communism, and Communism generally speaking, totally incompatible with any notably "flexible and tolerant political culture"? And as for the accommodation of any such totalitarian system as Communism with Confucian purposefulness and Taoist (or any other) tolerance, here again it would seem clear that he is arguing for the impossible.

ACTUALLY, the policy implications of all this are quite clear: 1) the Chinese Nationalists represent something at the best completely insignificant, and at the worst productive of the "stultification of life"; 2) we can expect the survival into the long run of Chinese Communism (modified or unmodified). He would imply that, no matter what the evils and shortcomings, Chinese Communism (however changed or defined) is all we can look forward to in the future for the Chinese people.

This is not a so-called "two Chinas" policy, even by implication. This volume would try to persuade the reader that there is neither a moral nor practical basis for the present United States policy of supporting the Republic of China as a viable (and the only practical) alternative to Chinese Communism. Such an analysis of Chinese politics constitutes persuasion to future disaster for the people of both China (whom we would abandon to Communism) and of the United States (whom we would persuade to turn their backs on China's progress and its modernization by the Republic of China). □

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THE PASSING SCENE

FAREWELL TO THE SATEVEPOST

FRANCIS RUSSELL

I have not been a regular reader of the *Saturday Evening Post* since I was a boy in the Twenties, but somehow I had come to consider it with its Norman Rockwell covers as a perdurable American institution, immune to depressions, wars and even inflation. After all, it was founded in 1728 by Benjamin Franklin. Last year I even took out a reduced-rate subscription for my mother. Several copies arrived before the announcement followed that we were purged from the list of subscribers apparently in an effort by the publisher to achieve classier readers. Even this plebeian rejection was not enough, for I noticed a few months later that the *Post* would shortly discontinue publication.

Some time after this announcement, while I was waiting for a plane for Cleveland at Boston's Logan Airport on a drizzly morning, I saw on the newsstand what I took to be the last *Post*. Gone were those "cute" Rockwell covers. This ultimate cover, by two illustrators I never heard of, showed Grove Press' long-toothed Barney Ross emerging from under a manhole-cover to display a selection of his firm's wares subtitled: "DIRTY BOOKS for Fun and Profit." Sandwiched in between *My Secret Life* and the Henry Millers, I noticed hard-cover copies of *Red Star over China* and Kim Philby's *My Silent War*.

IN A TWO-AND-A-HALF HOURS' flight I found I had plenty of time to read the streamlined *Post* all through, even with time out for lunch and for occasional glimpses of the landscape when the clouds broke. In the old days it would have taken me a week to read the three-hundred odd pages that would have added two pounds to my luggage. George Horace Lorimer, the then editor and twentieth-century refounder, once remarked that anybody but an idiot could find at least one or two things interesting in his magazine, and nobody but an idiot would read it all through.

The last *Post* started off with a lead article by Milovan Djilas to the effect that the Communist idea is dead. I finished that before we got to Springfield. While waiting at the airport there, I read an editorial recommending that liberals give the new President the benefit of a few doubts even though "there is something about the man that stops us." That something had not stopped Garry Wills whose article on "The Enigma of President Nixon" appeared a few pages on. His and Joan Didion's names were pleasantly unexpected, like meeting old friends in the subway. Joan Didion had written on the disorders at San Francisco State, and I would read that just as I should be glad to read her on any subject.

An article on Jules Dassin's Negro ghetto remake of *The Informer* in technicolor—I should have thought black and white more appropriate—I speed-read. "Kidnaped," Arthur Miller's casually entertaining account of his casual meeting with Lucky Luciano in Sicily was worth more attention. The single short story called "Dark Hill Farm" I found prefaced by the query: "She was enchanted—and enchanting. Could David—a stranger alone and confused—break the spell that held her? Or would the violent forces on the hill overwhelm him?" Those were questions I felt I wasn't prepared to answer.

As we approached the Ohio country I had finished the reading matter and began looking through the ads. They weren't as classy as I'd expected after the Russell purge. An insert invited me to subscribe to the *Post* for a year and get the "original Grove Press picture-book version of the outer-space adventures of Barbarella." The publisher ought to know the Russells weren't biting twice. Then Mr. Barrett, whom I'd met before, again offered to show me how to make money writing short paragraphs, and held out the promise that "a small start may even open opportunities to real authorship." A few pages on I was invited to build a memory in four short weeks "so powerful it is beyond your wildest dreams today," and to prove it there was Harry Larayne who makes $3,000 a week with *his* memory.

Turning from mind to body, I could lose ten pounds in ten days on a grapefruit diet, something that must have been of great relief to the woman (photographed) who had to live in maternity slacks until she lost 98 pounds. Further on I found a cooperative publisher willing to publish my aunt's novel at last. I found also I could order reading glasses by mail, learn drafting at home, make ship models, shrink painful hemorrhoids and—if I had just $1,350.00—invest in a business of my own that would bring me profits of more than $2,000 every month. Finally Arthur Murray wanted me at one of his studio parties where I could "zoom into the non-stop world of excitement" where "the cost of living it up is down."

THAT LAST POST had cost me fifty cents. When I first became a reader it had cost only a nickel and managed to keep that price for almost a quarter of a century. Yet somehow we had never had the *Post* at home when I was a boy. In my mind I find its pages linked incongruously with the summer of 1924 that I spent at Camp Medomak in Washington, Maine. My tent-mate Irvine's father was a *Post* devoté and used to forward the magazine to camp

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each week. Later in the winter when I visited him in Boston I would notice a dreamy look in his father's eyes whenever he spoke of the *Post*. "Just think of all those copies in the warehouse in Philadelphia," he would say wistfully. "If you knew the right people you could read four or even five weeks in advance!"

EVEN NOW, writing about the *Post*, as I put my pen aside I find myself almost tangibly immersed in one of those long-vanished summer afternoons during the rest hour after lunch that for some reason we called "siesta" at Medomak. The tent-sides are rolled up, our counselor Fred Hurd—a Dartmouth Dink Stover—is flat on his back asleep, the rest of us are reading or writing letters, and I am leafing through the *Post*. The tent-fly under the sun's rays gives off a barely perceptible smell of canvas, a vague scent of resin oozes from the pine floor-boards. Glancing from the long pages I can see a bumble bee lighting on a mullein leaf, can hear the muted, bickering voices of the kitchen crew beyond the lodge, the susurration of the aspen leaves by the tennis court. A shadow spreads briefly across the landscape, as a patch of cumulus blots the sun. Beyond the court in the invisible music tent a non-siesta camper is practicing "Colorado" on the saxophone, the notes full and slow and somehow melancholy. Then even the aspens stop trembling; time runs down with the saxophone notes, as if it were going to stop.

Through those languid siesta hours I read a whole serial story, the only one in my life I ever would read through all installments, called "Sam in the Suburbs" by somebody named Wodehouse. All of us read, with glee untainted by malice, the Octavus Roy Cohen stories of Negro life centered in the shifty yet childishly engaging figure of Florian Slappey with his White Tile Lunch and his proud membership in The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise and his comic ability to extricate himself from any white-imposed dilemma. I don't suppose any of us in Tent Six had ever known a real Negro. I don't suppose Octavus Roy Cohen had either.

It was through the rich variety of ads in the multi-paged *Post* that the samples fad swept through the camp that summer, disorganizing the Waldoboro Post Office and embroiling Pa Poland, the director, with the postal authorities. Looking through the offers of free samples in the back pages of the *Post*, a few of us started writing for them. From writing for one or two, we began to write for dozens, sending out penny postcards by the fistful that we could buy at the camp store. Soon almost every camper had the top of his trunk filled with his sample collection. Those of us who had started early had, of course, the best collections that included samples of breakfast foods cold and hot, shaving lotions (then a novelty), hair oils of the Slikum and Stacombe variety, toothpastes of forgotten names like Pebeco and Forhan's, patent medicines, soap, gum, pipe-cleaners, shoe polish, even miniature chocolate bars.

I managed to get some candy laxatives, and a box of wedding announcements from an engraver who kept writing that he wanted them back. It was astonishing the number of companies willing to send samples on the strength of a postcard. Medomak's normal delivery of two mail sacks a day rose to three, jumped to five, then eight, then twelve, and at that point the Waldoboro postmaster told Pa Poland that he was calling in an inspector and that the camp would have to pay storage rental. Pa Poland stopped the sale of penny cards and forbade any more writing for samples, but he couldn't stop the mails. Not until almost the season's end did the bulk shipments begin to taper off. When I arrived home at the end of August, half my trunk was loaded with free samples.

AFTER THAT I saw the *Post* only occasionally, at the barber's, at the dentist's or perhaps on the train. By the time I reached Harvard and read *Hound & Horn*, and took courses like English 5 that would later be known as Creative Writing, the *Satevepost* in its cable abbreviation was a term of abuse. I really do not know how it fared in the intervening years, but I know that—like the Constitution—it was in the permanent background. I do remember a Postscript in 1945, when I, as a political intelligence officer with British Thirtieth Corps, was driving down into the American zone on the way to Nuremberg and found a military wayside stopping place with the startling name of Goof Off Inn. The American Red Cross worker in charge said the allies were welcome—which wasn't always true in Patton's fiefdom—and I sat down to unaccustomed coffee and doughnuts. Relaxing in the warmth, I picked up a stray *Saturday Evening Post* from the magazine pile on the central table and glanced through it. Its lead article informed me that "GI Ivan Is Just Like the Guy from Kansas City." As I beckoned to my driver who was quietly filling our thermos with coffee, it occurred to me then that my fellow countrymen had a lot to learn.

For me that Postscript lasted until my encounter at the Logan Airport, which turned out after all to be only penultimate. Two weeks later at our local Sandwich Drugstore I saw still another issue, this with a cover showing an artist's two-ton pop-model of Chicago. I asked Mae behind the soda counter if that were really the last issue. "Yes," she said, "the distributor told us this was the very last one." I told her if it wasn't, I wanted my fifty cents back.

It was indeed the last, a collector's item according to some reports. Not a mention of its own demise. In a slight variation of Mr. Eliot's chaste phrase—that has now, I regret to say, become a cliché of announcers and even of sports writers—the *Saturday Evening Post* did not go out with a bang, not even with a whimper. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

TWELVE CITIES, *by John Gunther (Harper, $6.95)*. This tale of twelve cities is a very pleasant surprise. It omits the worst of Gunther's *Inside* books (the somewhat heavy-handed pontification) and keeps the best (the chatty, lucid style and fascinating arcana). It is a pogo-sticking travelog of a dozen major cities—London, Paris, Brussels, Rome, Hamburg, Vienna, Warsaw, Moscow, Jerusalem, Beirut, Amman and Tokyo—which have nothing in common save majestic histories. Nowhere does he explain why he selected this particular Gunther's Dozen, nor does he need to. A reporter of his skill could probably make Passaic, New Jersey interesting. In some cases, as with London, Paris and Tokyo, the cities themselves are enough to fill up a chapter. With others—Brussels, Jerusalem, Amman—Gunther has had to transcend the city limits, interviewing local personalities and detailing national, political, geographical and linguistic problems. *Twelve Cities* does not pretend to be a definitive account (that would take twelve volumes) of its subject towns. Rather it is a sympathetic, readable testament to the cultural diversity—and perversity—of the human race.

J. D. KIRWAN

THE LESSONS OF VICTORY, *by The Ripon Society (Dial, Cloth, $6.95; Paperback,*

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DELECTATIONS

On Breaking Up a Library

ALEC WAUGH

EARLIER THIS YEAR I was honored by an invitation from Central State College, Edmond, Oklahoma, where I had been Writer in Residence in 1967, to assist in the opening ceremonies for their new library. I prepared the kind of speech that seemed appropriate.

A library, I planned to say, is the core of an institution. It is the expression of that institution's personality. As is the library, so will the school or the college be. The world assesses the quality of an institution by its library. It has been said that you can judge a man by his friends. He is born to his relatives; his friends he chooses for himself. But I am not sure that that is true. Chance and propinquity choose our friends for us. We have to make friends among our neighbors, our classmates, our brother officers, our associates in business. Indeed it might be said that success in life depends upon our ability to make friends among the people with whom we have to work. Our library, we make ourselves.

As a novelist I have often exploited the device of introducing a character by means of the books upon his shelves. The hero calls upon a man he does not know, but who may become important to him. He is kept waiting in a study. He has little idea as to what manner of man will in a few moments be coming through that door. He is inquisitive. Will the books lining the shelves provide him with a clue? He examines them. There are several yellow paper-backed French novels. So the man is at least bilingual. There is a section of uneven heights and widths. The man reads poetry. He has Eliot, Frost and Conrad Aiken. Yes, but he has James Dickey, too. He is up-to-date. One or two books surprise him. A collected edition of George Moore. Who reads George Moore these days? He takes down a volume. Inside this is a book-plate. The man's father's. So he was raised in a literary tradition. Nothing is more hereditary than a library. I once heard Harold Nicolson remark, "Nye Bevan's favorite novel is Stendahl's *Le Rouge et le Noir*. That throws an interesting sidelight on him."

I have found, as a novelist, that a sense of anticipation can be aroused and quickened by this method of introduction. I once had a young woman looking round the half-dozen shelves of a retired British colonel whom she had dismissed as an incorrigible relic of the *ancien régime*. She found the authors she had expected—Conrad, Stevenson, Kipling. Then suddenly her eye caught a volume that surprised her: André Gide's *Si le grain ne meurt*. What was that doing here? Later in the story, the colonel was to betray a devious temperamental streak. The heroine was to think, "Now that explains his having Gide."

That was how I planned to start my speech. Today those paragraphs have for me a melancholy, dramatic irony. The speech was never delivered. Three days before the opening ceremony, I was recalled to England to a deathbed; of which the corollary was the dispersal of my own private library.

For the last twenty years though remaining a loyal subject of the British Crown, I have been a resident-alien of the United States, limited by currency restrictions to an annual three months' visit to the country of my birth. The home that had housed my library was now for sale and there was no practical alternative to the scattering of that library among my children.

It was in a highly nostalgic state of mind that I spent my last hours with it. It was not a large library, barely

four thousand books; it was of no great value; I was not a collector. I had bought the books I wanted to read; not those that were likely to "go up in price." I had not specialized in first editions, though, of course, I had quite a number. But it was a very personal library. I knew the provenance of every single volume, whether I had inherited from my father, bought it myself, or been given it by a friend.

SADLY ON MY LAST MORNING, I walked round the two main rooms that held it, taking my last look along the shelves. What a host of memories! On both sides of the fireplace in the larger, taller room, the shelves ran straight up to the ceiling; along the side wall the shelving was only four feet high. Photographs and ornaments ran along the ledge. On the top low shelf was a row of small books covered in red leather. How well I remembered getting them. They were the world's classics. My father, because he had contributed a few prefaces, had been sent the entire series. They arrived all together in a crate, with a couple of small oak cases that they exactly fitted. My father said, "I'll give you these to start your library." I was eight years old. Next morning at school, I proudly boasted that I owned a hundred books.

Further along on the same level was the yellow-backed stretch of Wisden's Cricketer's Almanacks that I had acquired as a Christmas present, one by one, regularly since 1909. I shall miss them as much as anything. I looked for special treasures. There was the limited collected edition of Max Beerbohm. In 1921 I had drunk beer instead of wine at lunch for a whole month to get my hands on that. That same autumn I had acquired Cabell's *Jurgen*. The book had been suppressed in the U.S.A., but an English publisher had thought that he might "get away with it" if he issued it in an edition limited to 3,000 copies, at two guineas each, with illustrations and a preface by Hugh Walpole. The official theory being that the man or woman who could afford two guineas for a dubious book was either too sophisticated to be tempted—or was beyond redemption. How proud I had been to possess that lovely book. How often had I read it? When had I read it last? Since the Second War? I question it. Some while

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

(cont. from p. 553)

$2.65). The Ripon Society may be the only political organization in America that intensifies its efforts between campaigns. A political contest, even a post-convention Presidential contest, may fail to excite its partisan commitment. Once the election is past, however, Riponese are perfervid in their construction of Monday-morning analyses. This year they have outdone themselves, following up the usual quickie post-mortem with a full-length book, perhaps the only volume around that asks the question: Where did the GOP go wrong in 1968? Or, as they put it at the outset of this grim essay, the GOP "must carefully study the reasons . . . *why it almost lost.*" (Emphasis and incredulity mine.) Why the GOP almost lost, it develops, was that it failed to attract 100 per cent of the votes. To do so next time it "must learn to excite intellectuals, minority groups, laborers and urban dwellers." And how do you do that? They're glad you asked that question—and devote four hundred pages to a strategy guaranteed to lose the working majority the GOP started with. For close observers of politics, some of the analysis will be useful. And the celerity with which Ripon has dumped the Republican Governors Association for the Bright New Republican Senate is noteworthy.

N. B. FREEMAN

A ROOMFUL OF HOVINGS, *by John McPhee (Farrar, $5.95).* As all the bellbottom teeny-weenies say—oh wow! the thing is this. Thomas P. F. Hoving, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and one-time, fun-time Commissioner of Parks, is a Joy Boy of the Great Tradition, a grown-up, midst-of-middle-aged Holden Caulfield, reeking of dark, pungent passions and possessed of a nearly delirious love of the throw-away theatrical gesture —the deliberate shuffle, that unhurried swagger which is the hallmark of the authentic cosmopolite. He is, to use his own word, "cool." And so, too, is this collection of profiles which originally—and appropriately—appeared in *The New Yorker.* Mr. McPhee has chosen as subjects for his brief biographies a number of indisputably unusual men who, beside Mr. Hoving, include Temple Fielding, author of the Fielding *Guides to Europe,* Robert Twynam, caretaker of Her Majesty's tennis courts at Wimbledon, and Euell Gibbons, who crashes through the forests of Pennsylvania and eats off the land, things like weeds, dandelions, plant roots, stems and pebbles. In a word, cool. And despite the fact that the *Roomful* is not quite a passionate bower of heroes, the people in it do make for pleasant and chatty company. On the train. In the plane. On the way to grandmother's house. Cool.

K. C. CHAWKINS

LETTERS

(cont. from p. 521)

A. Jackson: Conservative

I read with interest George Will's article "What Happened to the Democratic Coalition?" [*NR,* April 18]. The first part makes some interesting observations about that coalition; however, there is an egregious error in his comparison of George Wallace with Andrew Jackson.

The conception of Jacksonianism as a revolt of the Southern cotton growers and Western farmers against the Eastern bankers has been demonstrated to be fallacious. This was an old belief held by Beard and Arthur Schlesinger Sr., later expanded by the junior member of the latter family. Modern historians note that there were, for instance, at least two groups of bankers. There was a rivalry between those of Wall Street (pro-Jackson) and those of Chestnut Street (anti-Jackson). This is the viewpoint of Bray Hammond, a man whose position on the Federal Reserve Board gave him much time for scholarly endeavors.

To describe Jacksonianism as "economically motivated (p. 326) is once again to fall into the Beard-Schlesinger trap. Lee Benson in *The Concept of Jacksonian Democracy* shows that ethnic background, not class status, was the most

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM

[John J.] McCLOY [In *Forbes*]:

AS I SEE IT

The Germans have a terrible dread of inflation. . . . In Germany a politician can . . . get votes by simply denouncing inflation. . . . Here a politician gets votes by proposing new ways of spending. . . . The German worker . . . fears inflation. He got this fear, I sometimes think, at his mother's breast.

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DELECTATIONS

(cont. from p. 554)

back I read that my brother Evelyn, who had used it first in my edition, had renounced his allegiance to it. He had dismissed it as cheap "artifact." He was usually right in his taste in books. Would I feel the same? I was tempted to include it in the two hundred or so volumes that I was rescuing from the deluge but I refrained. Better to keep the memory of that long-ago enchantment. I placed my fingers, reverently, on that black-and-gold cloth cover.

West of *Jurgen* was the original ochre-brown Heinemann edition of Turgenev that had stood on the left-hand side of the fireplace in my father's dining room. I had taken it with me to my first London flat in January 1924. "You don't mind, do you, if I take them?" I had asked. My father could deny me little. But he looked disconsolate. "If you really want them, my dear boy, of course."

"But you never read them, father, do you?"

He shook his head. "I dare say not. But that's not the point really of a library. One wants to keep round one, the books that are a part of one."

We seek, or at least I do, "in this transitory life" for parallels which provide symbols of survival, and as I waved goodbye to the books that had been the friends I shall never see again, I remembered how often in the days when I traveled by ship and not by plane, I had waved goodbye from the taffrail to the uplifted faces of those who during a six weeks' stay at this or the other island in the tropics, had become dear to me. Never again, never never again. And a mist had come across my eyes.

In just that same spirit on that last morning, I remained silent at my younger son's side as he drove me up to London, then in that same sense of parallel, I remembered how when the group on the dock had scattered and the mountains that flanked the port had grown indistinct, I had gone below and washed my face and when I had come back on deck, with the horizon clear, had thought with a sense of liberation and anticipation, "I wonder what it'll be like in Martinique." In just that way, as the traffic on the Great West Road began to thicken, I found myself saying to myself, "After all it *is* going to be fun, building up a new if very different library in Tangier." □

LETTERS

(cont. from p. 555)

important determinant of which party the individual supported.

If, instead of debunking Jacksonianism as a leveling influence, Will had viewed it in terms of the slogan on the masthead of the party paper, "that government that governs best, governs least," he would have been much happier. In reality, the Jacksonian Persuasion has a great deal more in common with present-day conservatism than with Wallace Populism.
New York, N.Y. THEODORE P. KOVALEFF

The Nasty Senator

Thank you very much for your comment in the May 6 issue about Senator Stephen Young's unique way of answering criticism. Having myself once been called "the South end of a horse going North" by the Senator, I was glad to see that someone has finally taken the trouble to bring his somewhat undignified actions to the attention of the public.

It used to be a dictum of Abraham Lincoln's that the only sure way to destroy a political enemy was to make him a friend. It is obvious that Senator Young's years in the Senate have taught him very little about destroying political enemies—or about common courtesy, either.
Glendale, Ohio NARVEY FULLER

Quibbles

If, as you say, the "intrinsic complexity of the ABM problem [is] well beyond the possibility of comprehension by the average citizen" ["Load Your Missiles, Men," May 6], then it is fatuous to point out that the public opinion polls reveal a "two-to-one majority of those voters who think they have any idea what ABM is all about are in favor of ABM."
Warren AFB, Wyo. JOHN P. TREVER

Please don't lump psychiatrists with psychologists, as you do in the pejorative "Psychiatry on Trial" [*NR*, May 6]. You would snort if someone similarly paired "conservatives" Wm. F. Buckley and H. L. Hunt. Of course psychiatry has its share of poltroons but comparatively few practice the kind of scientism that preoccupies so many psychologists.
Ardmore, Pa. CARL KERN

Absolutely Last Word on OPUM

Urgent: Can you establish truth of the rumor that the House Committee on Undemocratic Activities found, while looking under the bed of a member of the Little Old Ladies Tennis Group, evidence that OPUM (Our People's Underground Movement) has plans for expanding the conspiracy into an international movement, henceforth to be known as OPIUM?
Montour Falls, N.Y. WILL I. LEARN

BURNHAM

(cont. from p. 531)

thousand (say) qualified Americans would have continuous, total access to every relevant element of the Soviet nuclear strategic system, and a thousand qualified Russians to ours (the number would be just enough to assure feelings of security on both sides). International or UN teams would not do. Neither side would trust them, and besides there is not enough expertise for the purpose outside the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

Is this idea absurdly utopian? Not as utopian as relying on the peaceable intentions of Communists, or counting on them to keep unverifiable agreements. My modest proposal is outlandish, but if I am right in believing this to be the only control setup in which both sides could have confidence, then it is the only chance for aborting a very possibly catastrophic weapons development. This proposal has the further advantage of being easy to understand and manifestly fair to both sides.

Why shouldn't our government make it the dramatic focus of an arms control policy? □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The ROTC Game

On The Right

New York, May 16—The very first thing the president of the typical university does, upon announcing that henceforward ROTC students will receive no academic credits, is to assure his audience that the decision of the faculty was reached without any thought to the political situation, absolutely none at all.

That is of course sucker-bait, and the presidents know it, but they have become so much accustomed to dissimulation, which they practice upon the alumni as if they had Ph.D.s in the subject, that they can manage to keep straight faces while saying such crooked things. Sure, anti-Vietnam sentiment had nothing to do with deciding to drop ROTC credits, and the New Hampshire primary had nothing to do with Lyndon Johnson's retirement. Sure, ROTC doesn't warrant academic respectability, but Eldridge Cleaver does. . . .

Here are a few points which the college presidents have not treated. One of them is, Why—if properly taught—*shouldn't* ROTC training earn credits? It is widely imagined that ROTC consists in marching up and down the quadrangle with a rifle on one's shoulder. Sure, there is some of that. But much more is the classroom work. Now if the classroom work is unimaginative, and consists only in the rote-learning of drill manuals of one sort or another, then obviously academic credits are not in order.

BUT IF THAT IS THE CASE, one wonders why the administration and faculty voted to give credits to ROTC in the first instance? It is not widely known that ROTC appears on campus not because the Pentagon, at some point in the past, dispatched a military expedition to the local college, posting non-negotiable demands. A contract is negotiated and signed, and these contracts have called for the granting of academic credits. If university officials did not take the trouble to ascertain that the ROTC staff would devise a curriculum of academic consequence, then the dereliction is the university's.

Or are they saying that there is no body of knowledge presentable by an ROTC? That would be a strange position to take, particularly by those militants who hug to their bosom the collected works of Mao Tse-tung and Che Guevara and the gang, on the tactics and psychology of guerrilla warfare. If there is a body of knowledge to revolution, surely there is a body of knowledge to counterrevolution? Why, if the subject is academically jejune, do we acknowledge the "science" of warfare? What of the related paramilitary subjects, concerning which some of the most interesting theorists of human behavior have addressed themselves, stressing diplomacy, public psychology, propaganda and the rest?

Is it idle to study military history? Or geopolitics? Or strategic geography? Or the relation between the psychology of a culture and the relevance of the weapon? Couldn't a highly instructive semester—at the very least—be devoted to an examination, for instance, of the intellectual relevance of the arguments and the tactics of the North Vietnamese during the current war?

And then the other point. The movement now is not merely to deprive ROTC students of academic credit, but to ban ROTC from the campus. Why? I mean, why does the majority of the student body, or of the faculty, undertake to dictate to an individual student what he can do in his spare time? If he desires to drill with a master sergeant, or to otherwise satisfy Reserve Officer Training requirements, what business is it of the busybodies on campus, who prate about academic freedom—while designing a curriculum geared to their own neurotic lusts? The ROTC—here is an interesting and, so far as I know, heretofore unpublished datum—has, at this writing, received not one communication from one college in America announcing the abridgement, or rescission, of an outstanding contract. That means that students are entitled even to academic credits, until that contract expires. What then? Is ROTC to set up shop, like Berlitz Schools, unrelated to the college in any formal way?

What, then, will the student and faculty do, in pursuit of their goal of unconditional victory? Ask that any student who spends his afternoon at the local Berlitz-ROTC institution, be punished? Expelled? Publicly flogged? One weeps for the end of reason. □

THE NEW FACES OF RACISM

New York, May 20—For those who keep track of legal and extra-legal comings and goings in the practice and theory of racism, here are three interesting incidents.

1) In Chicago a United States District Court judge counseled a convicted Negro who had participated in a mail fraud scheme and got caught at it, to avoid, especially, a career in such crime as, distinctively, the white man is good at. The judge's point, one gathers, is that there is an expertise in crime, and it takes a good long time for Negroes to become educated in the high Caucasian arts of, e.g. bank robbing, swindling, counterfeiting—that sort of thing.

The judge is on solid grounds, provided he is not assumed to be saying something which is racially invidious. In other words, according to existing canons, it is okay to say to the Negro: don't try to counterfeit money, because to do so requires skills in engraving and miniaturization which the white man, through exclusionist union and educational policies, has husbanded to his own. But it is not okay to suggest—and of course there is danger that the innocent Negro's mind will stray in that direction—that the Negro has to wait before he can aspire to the high criminal mentality of the white man.

There are those who make just that point explicitly—Elijah Muhammad, for instance, the Black Muslim leader who says that white men are biologically inclined to kill and to exploit. One must assume that the judge meant no such thing, even if one wonders at the questionable prudence of the advice he gave. Surely if a young Negro is disposed to rob a bank, better he should attempt to do so while unskilled enough to fail at it, than when skilled enough to succeed?

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2) At Cornell, a few white students were picked up and arrested during the general upheaval that focused on the occupation of a building by Negro militants armed with rifles and shotguns, and the interruption of the ROTC. The lawyers—the honkies' lawyers—have come up, in behalf of their clients, with a most interesting complaint, namely that it is a violation of the equal provisions of the law either to prosecute, or to fail to prosecute, by reference to race, color or creed.

In other words, it is a form of racism—the lawyers are in effect contending—to refuse to prosecute the black militants merely because they are black, while prosecuting whites. Yet another burden for the (manifestly) overburdened Mr. Perkins, the forlorn president of the University of Anarchy, on the banks of old Cayuga.

And 3), and most interesting of all, the decision of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in Ohio concerning the segregationist policies of the black students at Antioch College. Last winter, an irate Roy Wilkins of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People announced that he would go right back to challenge black-inspired compulsory segregation, just as he had tackled white folks in years gone by.

Along comes a federal official who authorizes the exclusion of white students from all-black arrangements at Antioch on the following grounds, all ye sophists take note. You see, says HEW, white people aren't being excluded because they're white—that indeed would be unconstitutional—but because they do not have the relevant background, namely blackness.

Imagine, for a minute, what a judge would do if a white group excluded blacks not because they are black, for heaven's sake, but because they don't share the background experience of being white. Get it? Well, the chances are that this decision is in for a great big official reversal from the courts.

Still, it is interesting how mixed up you get when you harness the law so as to make it do what people aren't inclined to do, black or white. It cannot be long, at this rate, before it becomes a totally mystifying question which is the pro-black thing to advocate—the racist, or the anti-racist, proposal. □

ENTER THE JUDICIARY

New York, May 24—The talk among those who are concerned about campus disorders, is of the new role of the judiciary. Notwithstanding that the formal responsibility is that of the university administration, it is widely supposed that the administration will not or cannot maintain order. Well then, the faculty? A prospect even less hopeful. The faculty, on the whole, have given aid and comfort to the dissenters.

But before arriving at the judiciary, what about the trustees? The contemporary trustee is well domesticated by the hyper-superstitious doctrines of academic freedom, and is, in most advanced colleges, semi-comatose. Even so, the power is latently theirs.

Because even if one assumes that under normal circumstances trustees are most useful saying nothing, and rubber-stamping the decisions of men more familiar with the requirements of education, what is one to say about abnormal circumstances? The function of the trustee, like that of the board of directors, is to intervene when intervention is clearly necessary. It is clearly necessary in many colleges today, as clearly necessary as it would be to replace or redirect management in a company which is headed away from prosperity towards bankruptcy.

Beyond the trustees is the last line of defense, which is the judiciary. It is significant that on several campuses in recent weeks the student rioters have buckled under when faced with court orders, as sharply distinguished from orders that issue merely out of the authority of college administrators. The procedure is obvious. The president of the university requests the students please to vacate Building X which the students are illegally occupying. The students answer with a defiant curse. The president then makes his complaint to the court, which issues a directive to the students to cease and desist in their act of criminal trespass.

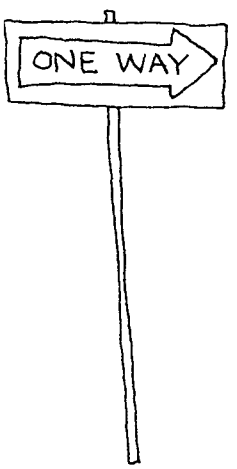
IF THE STUDENTS THEN DEFY the court, the processes of enforcement and punishment become automatic, or so are they supposed to become. Marshals are sent out to bring in the students who are thereupon prosecuted for defying the courts. The president of the university has no say in the matter. The prosecutor becomes the city or the state, as distinguished from the president or the dean. And, theoretically, the forces that move are ineluctable: are not recallable according to the whimsy of the majority vote of this or that meeting of the faculty or the students or the sob-sisters.

THUS IT WENT AT HARVARD. President Pusey called in the police. The police brought in the students, and filed charges against them. Meanwhile, bowing to the pressure of the campus, President Pusey requested the judge to drop formal charges against the students. To the astonishment of Mr. Pusey, the judge refused.

As it turned out, the judge—or better, the law—was a paper tiger. Because the students were duly convicted, and fined, each of them, all of twenty dollars, which meant that they had to go without pot for maybe a day or two. Still, a most interesting point had been made: that the law is an impersonal mechanism, and that if students violate the law, it is not within the power of the large-hearted administrators of a college to waive that law on the grounds that boys will be boys and anyway, who can resist the impulse to rebel against the military-industrial complex?

Will the judiciary gradually take over the job of maintaining the peace on the campuses? The trend is in that direction, and not inconceivably, the judiciary will begin to move in such a way as to speed up the processes of order. The civil rights agencies of the government have been working over the past few years to arrange for petitioners to invite their intervention—the otherwise resigned Negro voter, say, whose rights have been denied. Thus an aggressive judiciary can find a student who would be willing to petition the courts to restore his rights, whether to march with the ROTC or to enter a building to which he has legal access or to interview a recruiter from the CIA. From that moment on, as they say, it becomes a federal case, and it is difficult to know just what the liberal intellectuals are going to do about the self-assertion of the judiciary. Call for the impeachment of Earl Warren? □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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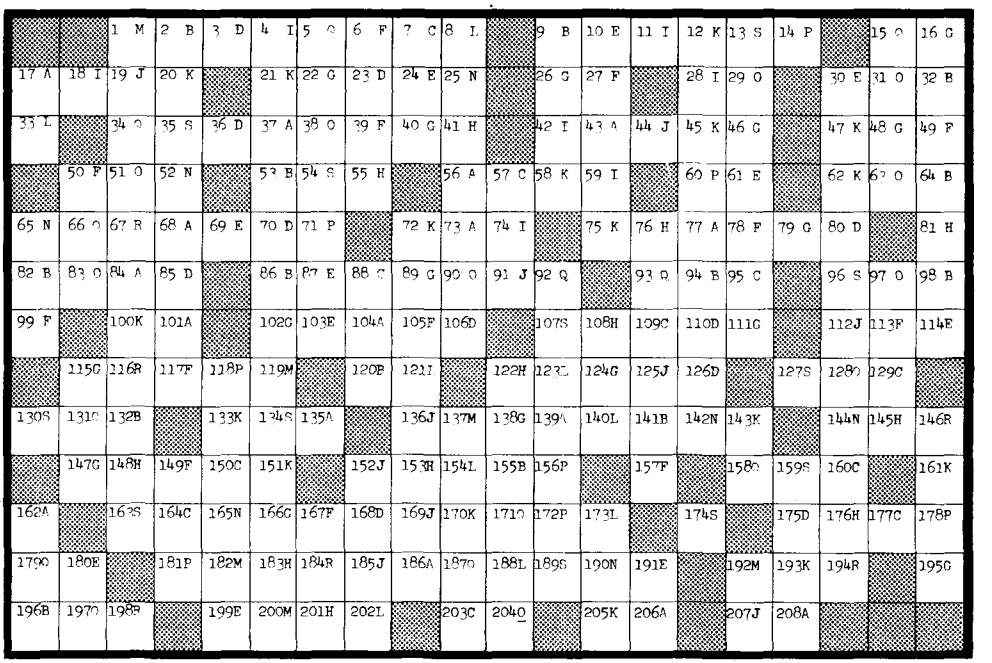
Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (below) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in below, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 556 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



DEFINITIONS

A. A reservoir in California — 37 186 139 135 43 101 17 73 56 208 / 68 206 77 84 104 162

B. A town near Sacramento — 53 2 9 32 86 94 120 155 196 64 / 82 98 132 141

C. A waterfall in Yosemite National Park — 57 129 88 164 177 7 203 95 160 109 / 150

D. A connoisseur of coffee — 85 80 168 175 23 36 106 70 3 110 / 126

E. A solid figure having nine faces — 87 103 61 24 30 199 114 180 191 10 / 69

F. Through-and-through — 99 78 105 149 157 6 39 113 117 50 / 27 167 49

G. An item that California sells a lot of — 46 16 26 40 22 48 79 102 138 89 / 111 115 124 147 166 195

H. What the Marx Brothers travel on in one of their movies — 145 122 148 176 81 183 41 55 76 108 / 153 201

I. Hired — 4 11 18 28 42 59 74

J. A state capital — 152 19 136 169 185 207 125 91 112 44

K. Where the swallows have a mission to perform — 161 12 20 21 45 47 58 62 72 75 / 100 143 133 151 170 193 205

L. What Dan McGrew was — 173 188 123 202 154 8 33 140 121

M. Any iguanid of the genus *Iguana*, esp. the edible, arboreal *Iguana iguana* — 182 1 200 137 119 192

N. A City on Monterey Bay, Calif. — 52 190 144 165 65 25 142

O. A Greek traveler, geographer, and author — 204 51 31 38 63 29 90 97 83

P. The capital of South Australia — 71 181 172 178 118 60 14 156

Q. This part of a nervous man's hand can be dangerous — 93 5 34 92 158 179 187 66 128 131 / 171 197 15

R. Satiated — 116 184 67 198 146 194

S. Pertaining to a part of Los Angeles — 134 54 96 13 189 107 127 159 163 174 / 130 35

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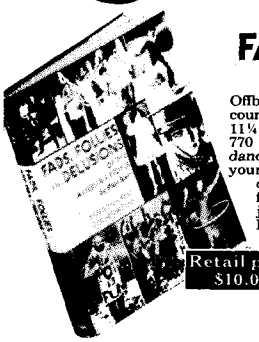

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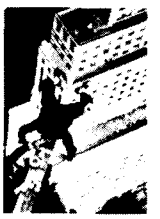

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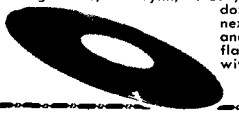

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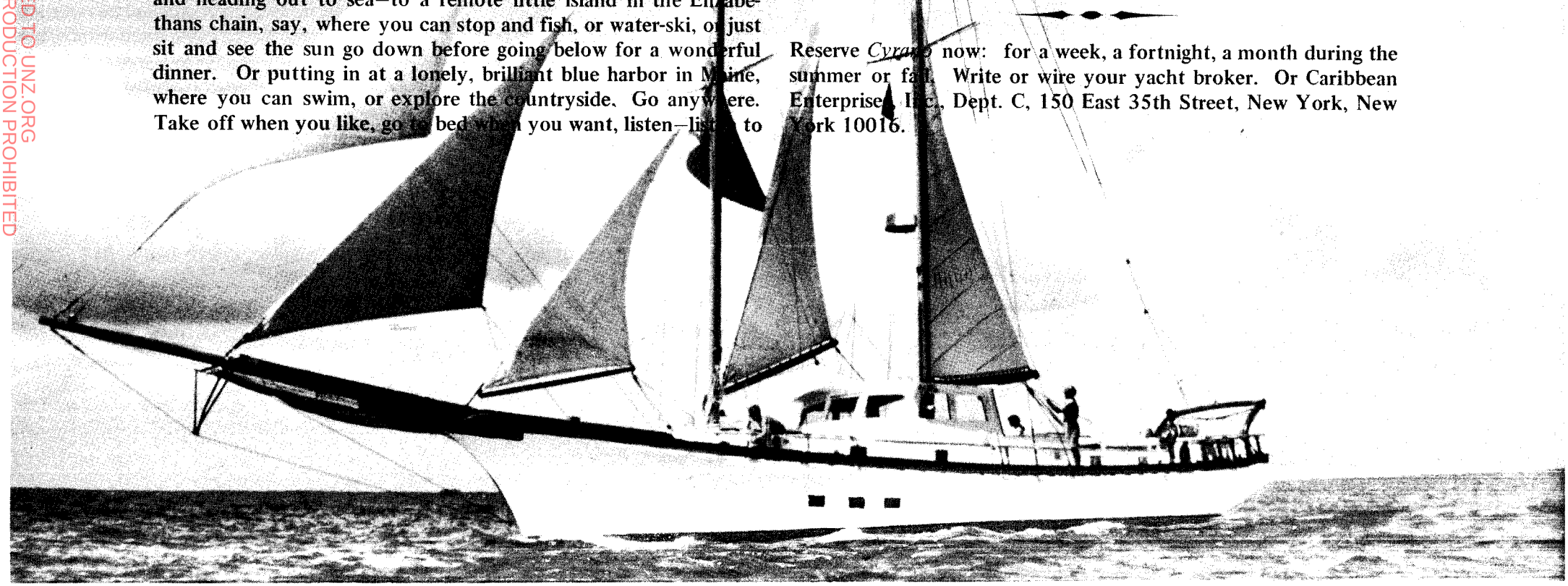

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